

THE CRITIC,

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, AND PUBLISHERS.

No. 152.

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THE CRITIC may also be had in Monthly Parts, in a stout Wrapper, price 9d. or 11d.

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THE CRITIC.

LITERARY INTERCHANGE.

IT would be a curious inquiry, that would endeavour to ascertain the circumstances which obtain celebrity for a writer beyond the limits of his own country. Some of our greatest English authors are perfectly unknown in Germany and France, and not a few of the noblest literary geniuses that France and Germany have produced have not yet reached England, even by name. On the other hand, how many English scribblers whom the English themselves scarcely deign to read have a continental reputation! and how many French and German scribblers, who are almost forgotten in their native land, have a popularity wider and far more fulminating than that which some of our best authors enjoy, or are ever likely to acquire! Fame is, of all human caprices, the most capricious. Sometimes the eccentricity that condemns an author to obscurity and contempt in his own country gives him glory somewhere else. Sometimes the breadth of heart and the catholicity of spirit which makes a writer a mystery to his nation—a mystery not to be revered, but to be laughed at—makes him a miracle to other nations—a miracle which they feel inclined to worship the more enthusiastically from the very distance of the scene where it has appeared. It is strange, also, to see some worthy wight, who in his day was something more than a notoriety, but who for half a century has simply been known as one of the great unread, spoken of by foreign critics as if he were as alive in the memory and the heart of humanity as CERVANTES, or ARIOSTO, or SHAKESPEARE. Thus, for instance, VILLEMAIN, an elegant and tasteful, often eloquent, writer, though not remarkable for grasp or perspicuity as a thinker, and who, some fifteen or twenty years ago, was as celebrated as a lecturer on literature as GUIZOT on history, as COUSIN on philosophy, devotes as much of serious attention and of conscientious analysis to RICHARDSON, the novelist, as any English reviewer would think it proper to bestow on WALTER SCOTT. Occasionally an author secured an European audience for the whole of his productions, however numerous, through having tickled their ear by some early production, trifling and tedious it may be in itself, but which flattered or echoed some temporary foible of the age. Would *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister* be considered as such marvellous books, or would GOETHE, the Epicurean, be viewed as so admirable a poet, so noble a man, if he had not, when young, arrested the notice of mankind by his sentimental *Werther*? Because one of GOETHE's boyish works was preposterously overrated, it has been thought a duty as preposterously to overrate all the rest. Some of the best authors cannot be naturalised in foreign literature. BARROW and JEREMY TAYLOR will always remain exclusively English. The former has a thought and an exhaustiveness which we seek for in vain in any other preacher; but though often eloquent, he has no artistic grace of style. His grand massiveness of solid sense unfits him for Germany; his want of rhetorical skill unfits him for France. JEREMY TAYLOR was not a remarkable thinker; neither can he properly be called an orator. He was a poet in prose, and perhaps as such unsurpassed. Now poets in prose are peculiarly English; other nations offer nothing precisely similar. The very circumstance, therefore, which renders the name

of JEREMY TAYLOR a hallowed name in England, prevents him from being naturalised in the literatures of other lands. MONTAIGNE is altogether French; translate him into another language, you strip him of his quaint but picturesque and forcible style, and take from him half of his beauty and strength. There are authors who are very translatable, who are yet very inadapted. Thus, though MONTAIGNE was born fifty years after RABELAIS, the style of RABELAIS has much more flow and finish,—is really a more modern style; yet the subjects which RABELAIS chose, and their mode of treatment, render his works unsuitable for any atmosphere but France. In general it may be said that the literary material that can most easily find its home every where is French prose, chiefly by reason of the social universality of the French intellect—but also through the colloquial power of the French language, which makes it, from its friendly and familiar aspect, welcome all the world over. Thus VOLTAIRE's "Charles the Twelfth" is as much a household book in England as ever it has been in France. There are works which, from their intense nationality, cannot be relished in translation, though easily enough translated. The peculiarities belonging to the style of JUNIUS can be rendered into another language without much loss of pungency, fervour, and energy. But JUNIUS possesses scarcely any interest except to those Englishmen who are familiar with the history of England seventy or eighty years ago, not only in its greatest events, but in its minutest gossip and most trifling scandal. To any foreigner, therefore, except perhaps a ponderous gluttonous German mind, aspiring to know all, both in the universe and out of it, JUNIUS must be utterly without attraction. The *Provincial Letters* of PASCAL are nearly in the same predicament. What care the majority of English readers for the squabbles of Jesuits and Jansenists two hundred years ago? In the ecclesiastical history and in the national recollections of the French, however, these disputes have an indestructible vitality. The only persons in England to whom *The Provincial Letters* can have any charm are ripe scholars who would prefer reading them in the original. The productions of some authors have scarcely any other merit than that of style. All such it is folly to translate. LAFONTAINE had the genius—the rare genius for a poet—of being archly and aboundingly natural. His style is perfect; but his productions have no merit beyond the style. Hence he is the most tedious or the most pleasing of writers, according to the subject that chance threw in his way. He had no creative strength. All his authorcraft consisted solely in indolently pouring out his good humour on topics that came of their own accord before him. To translate him is therefore to crush all the living breath and the warm blood out of him. The Italians lost immensely in translation, so much of the beauty of every Italian book consisting in the delicious music of the Italian language itself. Occasionally the facility with which an author's works are transferred into another tongue, their literary value unimpaired, arises from their defects of style. SISMONDI, with substantial merits as a writer, is exceedingly heavy and monotonous in style. His productions wanting the usual French variety and vivacity, seem to have something of a becomingness, dignity, and force in their English dress, which are not obvious in the original. Certain authors would have written with more effect in another language than they did in their own. WIELAND, fanciful, witty, epicurean, would have found French

much more suitable for the expression of his ideas than German; and LESSING, bold, earnest, direct, and energetic, could have slashed more rapidly and killingly into the heart of things if pithy English instead of unwieldy German had been his weapon. Languages have a fitness or unfitness for rendering other languages. German gives best the epic and dramatic poetry of the Greeks; Italian, Greek lyric poetry; French, Greek eloquence; English, Greek history and philosophy. For the translation both of Latin poetry and of Latin prose we know no language equal to the English. Italian poetry loses least in English; Italian prose least in French. The French cannot translate poetry; whatever its characteristics in the original, they convert it into pedantic rhetoric. SHAKESPEARE in the hands of DUCIS becomes a declaimer. When the French translate poetry, they are compelled to give it in prose, in order to preserve somewhat of its texture and spirit. The prose of most languages is more rhetorical than the poetry; French poetry has the peculiarity of being more rhetorical than French prose. Hence, it is as difficult to translate French poetry as it is for the French to translate the poetry of other nations. For rhetoric supposes amplification; and translated rhetoric implies still further amplification, in the cumbrousness of which all force and beauty evaporate. Most German prose works are improved by a translation into French. The Germans cannot write prose. As French prose is better than all other prose, German is worse. Compare Madame DE STAEL's book on Germany with MENZEL's on German Literature, which is a very favourable specimen of German prose, and the difference will at once be visible. Strange as it may seem, however, it is the imperfections of German prose which makes German thinking appear so much more subtle and profound than it is. The calf seems an elephant when seen through the mist; and the commonplace of the Germans often appear prodigious discoveries, because floating in a haze of cloudy words. France has produced as great, if not greater thinkers than Germany. But they often look shallow, simply because they are so marvelously clear; in the same way as, seen through the cloudless atmosphere of Egypt, the pyramids look smaller than they are. Perhaps therefore a German metaphysical work, when translated into French, loses rather than gains. By being improved in style, by being rendered clearer, it is shorn of all its transcendentalism, and what in the original astounded as a mystery, disgusts in the translation as a paltry mystification. Books of more substantial merit, however, especially the chief historical productions, gain by translation of German into French, for they retain all their essential qualities, while acquiring rapidity of movement, sententiousness, and force.

Hitherto literary interchange, of which translation is only one of the forms, has been an affair of scholars. One of the best effects of free commerce will be to make it an affair of nations. And as it is the articles of luxury, often pernicious, that have chiefly passed from country to country, to the exclusion of the corn that feeds and strengthens man, so it is chiefly the pruriencies, the frivolities, the vulgarities of literature, that have passed from one language into another. As also corn will henceforth be the leading article of commerce, we may rationally anticipate that nations, brought into more wise and loving intercourse with each other, by the pressure of universal physical needs, will, through the more complete appreciation and sympathy thus produced, be disposed to ex-

change only that which is best in their literatures. The effect of this on tolerance and civilisation will be prodigious, and most blissful; but it will also potentially and beneficially transform the chief literature of the world. It will teach the English to generalise, and to see the philosophic link of many isolated details; it will teach the French to confirm and to correct their generalisations by fact; it will teach the Germans that writing is an art like any other; that pith, clearness, variety, and brevity, are the four grand requisites of good writing; that prolixity is imbecility, and cloudiness quackery; that the subtlest thinkers that ever lived, the Greeks, were likewise the best writers; and that mental incapacity is equivalent to moral defect, both in individuals, and in nations.

"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—*WILKINS.*

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, in the years 1814—1815. By the Author of "The Subaltern," &c. London, 1847. Murray.

WITH all respect for Mr. GLEIG, we should prefer that he would refrain either from preaching Christianity, or from writing books about battles. On Sunday he proclaims from the pulpit the religion of peace on earth and goodwill to man. Through the week he revels in descriptions of deeds that Christianity condemns; and if he does not in words expressly approve them, he narrates them with no language of reproof, and by his manner and tone, at least, would lead the reader to believe that he saw no *sin* in them. To which character, preacher or author, are we to attach the charge of insincerity and hypocrisy? Is he really not the Christian he professes to be, or does he lay aside his Christianity when he takes up the pen to work for profit? To this dilemma we are compelled, by the conflict between his preaching and his practice—the religion he professes and the books he writes.

Be it understood that we do not object to a clergyman writing about war, but treating of it in a tone that expresses assent, if not approval. A Christian preacher might, not unblamed only, but with positive advantage to the world, and honour to himself, write the story of a campaign. But then he should treat of it as a Christian, with the doctrines of Christianity ever present to his mind, marking his condemnation of it at every step, shewing its horrors, and on each page impressing his readers with the evidence it affords how great a sin it is; how hateful in the sight of God; how injurious to man; how repugnant to every principle of Christianity; how denounced by the Gospel; how disgraceful to a people; how ruinous to mankind. By thus pointing the moral, invaluable service might be done to society, hitherto accustomed to view war through the mist of false glory which has been thrown about it purposely to conceal the hideousness that would disgust instead of attract, were it exhibited in its true aspect.

If it can be forgotten that the author of this volume is a minister of the Gospel, and it be read as the narrative of an eye-witness, it is not wanting in interest. It is composed with spirit; the adventures have the vividness that

belongs to notes taken almost at the moment of their occurrence; and scattered among the pages are instances of bravery and endurance which are among the virtues called into action by a campaign, and which are the small bright spot in a huge picture of death and misery. It has been urged as an argument in defence of war, that it calls forth these and kindred virtues. So does the presence of all calamities. But it would be a strange mode of encouraging bravery and humanity, to burn down a city and put half the inhabitants to lingering deaths, that the torch-bearers and the survivors may enjoy the opportunity of shewing their virtues! Yet if the argument in favour of war be good for anything, it would be good for this.

This is a new edition of Mr. GLEIG's volume, and therefore we do not enter upon a formal review of it. But our readers may not be displeased to be presented with a few short specimens of its best parts to guide them in the selection of books for their clubs or libraries.

The narrative commences with the march of the British army towards Bordeaux, previous to their embarkation for Corunna. The voyage is described, and then the march to WELLINGTON. These, and the sketches of scenery, and the anecdotes and way-side adventures, are more interesting than the pictures of skirmishes and battles, and from them we make our gleanings.

Although the strictest discipline was observed by Lord WELLINGTON, Mr. GLEIG confesses to the

INCONVENIENCES OF AN INVADING ARMY.

But however orderly the conduct of an invading force may be, their very presence must occasion a thousand inconveniences to those upon whom they are quartered: not the least distressing of which is, perhaps, the feeling of degradation which the consciousness of being in the power of armed foreigners can hardly fail to produce. Then there is the total destruction of all domestic comfort, which the occupation of a man's house by large bodies of soldiers produces; the liability to which the females, in particular, are exposed to insult from the common troopers; and the dread of vengeance from any delinquent on whom their complaints may have brought down chastisement,—all these things must and do create a degree of misery, of which the inhabitants of Great Britain may thank God that they know nothing except by name.

He records the astonishment of the soldiers at first beholding

A PEOPLE UPON STILTS.

He is describing *Les Landes*. "The whole of this district, as well where it is wooded as where it is bare, is perfectly flat, containing scarcely a knoll or eminence of any sort, as far as the eye can reach. In addition to this, the vast plains where the sheep are fed, many of which extend two or three leagues in every direction, produce not so much as a fir-tree, by climbing which a man might see to any of its extremities; and the consequence is, that the shepherds are constantly in danger of losing their sheep, as one loses sight of a vessel at sea, in the distance. To remedy this evil, they have fallen upon a plan not more simple than ingenious: they all walk upon stilts, exactly similar to those with which our school-boys amuse themselves; the only difference lying here, that whereas the school-boys' stilts are with us seldom raised above ten or twelve inches from the ground, those of the French peasants are elevated to the height of six or eight feet. When we first caught a glimpse of these figures, it was in the dusk of the morning, and for awhile we were willing to persuade ourselves that the haze had deceived us, by seeming to enlarge bodies beyond their real dimensions. But when we looked at the trees, we saw them in their own proper size, nor could we suppose that the atmosphere would have an effect upon one object which it had not upon another; yet there appeared

to be no other way of accounting for the phenomenon, unless, indeed, this wild country were the parent of a race of giants, for the men whom we saw resembled moving towers rather than mortals. I need not observe that our astonishment was very great; nor, in fact, was it much diminished when, on a nearer approach, we discovered the truth, and witnessed the agility with which they moved, and the ease with which, aided by the poles which each carried in his hand, they would stoop to the ground, pick up the smallest article, and stand upright again. But if we admired the skill of one or two individuals, our admiration rose to a still higher pitch when we saw crowds of them together all equally skilful; till they informed us that the thing was not an amusement, but universally practised for the purpose I have stated."

Here is a cabinet picture of the amusements of

AN ARMY AT SEA.

On the 19th of July, at an early hour in the morning, a signal was made from the *Royal Oak*, that the Admiral would be happy to see the officers of the fleet on board his ship that evening. Boats were accordingly sent off from the different vessels, loaded with visitors; and on mounting the gangway, a stage, with a green curtain before it, was discovered upon the quarter-deck. The whole of the deck, from the poop to the mainmast, was hung round with flags, so as to form a moderate-sized theatre; and the carronades were removed from their portholes, in order to make room for the company. Lamps were suspended from all parts of the rigging and shrouds, casting a brilliant light upon this singular playhouse; and the crew, arrayed in their best attire, crowded the booms, yards, and fore-part of the deck; whilst the space from the mainmast to the foot of the stage was set with benches for the more genteel part of the audience. At seven o'clock the curtain drew up, and discovered a scene painted with such taste as would not have disgraced any theatre in London. The play was the *Apprentice*, with the *Mayor of Garret* as an afterpiece, performed by the officers of the ship and of the artillery, and went off in high style, applauded, as it deserved to be applauded, with the loudest acclamations. The quarter-deck of a British line-of-battle ship has often enough been a stage for the exhibition of bloody tragedies; but to witness a comedy and a farce upon that stage, and in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, was delightful from its very singularity. When the performance came to an end, the stage was knocked down, the seats removed, and every thing cleared for dancing. The music was excellent, being composed of the band of the *Royal Oak*; and the ball was opened by Admiral Malcolm and the Honourable Mrs. Mulens in a country dance, followed by as many couples as the space would permit; the greater number of officers dancing, as necessity required, with one another. In this amusement every person, from the Admiral and General, down to the youngest ensign and midshipman, joined, laying aside for the time all restraint or form of discipline; and having kept it up with great spirit till considerably beyond midnight, a blue-light was hoisted as a signal for the different boats to come off for the strangers, and each returned to his own ship, highly gratified with the evening's entertainment.

The reader will be somewhat amused by the following remarkable illustration of an old proverb. It occurred at the capture of Washington:—

THE BEGINNING OF THE FEAST AND THE END OF THE FRAY.

I need scarcely observe, that the consternation of the inhabitants was complete, and that to them this was a night of terror. So confident had they been of the success of their troops, that few of them had dreamt of quitting their houses or abandoning the city; nor was it till the fugitives from the battle began to rush in, filling every place as they came with dismay, that the President himself thought of providing for his safety. That gentleman, as I was credibly informed, had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops

till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether the sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not I cannot say, but according to my informant, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible, than he began to discover that his presence was more wanted in the senate than in the field; and having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his own house, that he might prepare a feast for the entertainment of his officers, when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details I will not be answerable; but this much I know, that the feast was actually prepared, though, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetite of a party of English soldiers. When the detachment sent out to destroy Mr. Maddison's house, entered his dining-parlour, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine in handsome cut-glass decanters were cooling on the sideboard; plate-holders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks, and spoons were arranged for immediate use; everything, in short, was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, whilst in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits loaded with joints of various sorts turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils stood upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast were in the exact state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned. The reader will easily believe that these preparations were beheld, by a party of hungry soldiers, with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, even though considerably over-dressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast; and having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would have probably escaped their rival *gourmands*, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.

Perhaps a useful lesson may be learned from a picture of war stripped of its ideality and exhibited in its reality. Behold, then, the medal reversed:—

A FIELD OF BATTLE.

Whilst others were thus reposing, I stole away with two or three men for the purpose of performing the last sad act of affection which it was possible for me to perform to my friend Grey. As we had completely changed our ground, it was not possible for me at once to discover the spot where he lay; indeed, I traversed a large portion of the field before I hit upon it. Whilst thus wandering over the arena of last night's contest, the most shocking and most disgusting spectacles everywhere met my eyes. I have frequently beheld a greater number of dead bodies within as narrow a compass, though these, to speak the truth, were numerous enough, but wounds more disfiguring or more horrible I certainly never witnessed. A man shot through the head or heart lies as if he were in a deep slumber; inasmuch that when you gaze upon him you experience little else than pity. But of these many had met their deaths from bayonet wounds, sabre cuts, or heavy blows from the butt ends of muskets; and the consequence was, that not only were the wounds themselves exceedingly frightful, but the very countenances of the dead exhibited the most savage and ghastly expressions. Friends and foes lay together in small groups of four or six, nor was it difficult to tell almost the very hand by which some of them had fallen. Nay, such had been the deadly closeness of the strife, that in one or two places an English and American soldier might be seen with the bayonet of each fastened in the other's body.

We conclude with a companion picture of

HUMAN BUTCHERY.

Retiring from the performance of this melancholy duty, I strolled into the hospital and visited the wounded. It is here that war loses its grandeur and show, and presents only a real picture of its effects. Every room in the house was crowded with wretches mangled, and apparently in the most excruciating agonies. Prayers, groans, and, I grieve to add, the most horrid exclamations, smote upon the ear wherever I turned. Some lay at length upon straw, with eyes half closed, and limbs motionless; some endeavoured to start up, shrieking with pain, while the wandering eye and incoherent speech of others indicated the loss of reason, and usually foretold the approach of death. But there was one among the rest whose appearance was too horrible ever to be forgotten. He had been shot through the windpipe, and the breath making its way between the skin and the flesh, had dilated him to a size absolutely terrific. His head and face were particularly shocking. Every feature was enlarged beyond what can well be imagined; whilst his eyes were so completely hidden by the cheeks and forehead, as to destroy all resemblance to a human countenance. Passing through the apartments where the private soldiers lay, I next came to those occupied by officers. Of these there were five or six in one small room, to whom little better accommodation could be provided than to their inferiors. It was a sight peculiarly distressing, because all of them chanced to be personal acquaintances of my own. One had been shot in the head, and lay gasping and insensible; another had received a musket-ball in the belly, which had pierced through and lodged in the back-bone. The former appeared to suffer but little, giving no signs of life, except what a heavy breathing produced; the latter was in the most dreadful agony, screaming out, and gnawing the covering under which he lay. There were many besides these, some severely and others slightly hurt; but as I have already dwelt at sufficient length upon a painful subject, I shall only observe, that to all was afforded every assistance which circumstances would allow, and that the exertions of their medical attendants were such as deserved and obtained the grateful thanks of even the most afflicted among the sufferers themselves.

If Mr. GLEIG offers the bane, he certainly supplies the antidote.

SCIENCE.

Researches into the Pathology and Treatment of the Asiatic or Algid Cholera. By E. A. PARKES, M.D. London, 1847. Churchill. At this moment, with a near prospect of the dreaded and really dreadful visitor, a treatise on its pathology and treatment by one who has seen it in its most malignant forms while fulfilling his duties as military surgeon in the land whence it stalks abroad upon its mysterious mission at intervals for which no cause is apparent, cannot but be welcome both to the medical world and the general public; and no apology is needed for dwelling upon it at more length than might be permitted to works purely scientific in the pages of a popular review.

Dr. PARKES has formed a very decided opinion as to the *pathology* of cholera. His leading idea is, that it is primarily a disease of the blood, and that the changes induced in the function of respiration, directly consequent on the alteration of the blood, are the proper and distinctive characters of the disease. These are the

SYMPTOMS OF CHOLERA.

When a case has so far advanced that it presents the unequivocal and characteristic phenomena of the Algid Cholera, the following are the chief symptoms:—More or less vomiting and purging of a peculiar fluid, cramps, sweating, suppression of urine, thirst, diminished circulation, and impeded respiration, causing coldness of the tongue, surface, and breath, lividity of the lips and skin, alteration of the voice, lessening of the respiratory murmur,

diminution or absolute disappearance of the pulse, and at last complete arrest of the circulation.

Dr. PARKES says that the first attack of cholera is difficult to be perceived, even by the patient. Sometimes it commences with pains in the limbs and rigor, as is the case with other fevers; but more commonly there is nothing but a very slight purging, unattended by pain, and this often continues for six hours before the cramps begin. He considers that the cramps are produced by the presence in the internal canal of the peculiar fluid thrown off by the blood, and that they cease when this is ejected.

The progress of the symptoms of the disease in a case that terminates favourably are thus described:—

A CASE OF RECOVERY.

The distinctive symptoms are produced by the state of the respiratory and circulating systems. The animal heat is diminished; this is best shewn by the tongue, which is cool or cold, and pale, and by the lips, which are slightly discoloured internally; a slight tinge appears under the eyes, and there is a peculiar anxious expression of countenance. Such is the "Cholera visage" at the very commencement of the case. The skin is cool, and there may be slight lividity at the roots of the nails; there are cold sweats; pale urine is passed in a small number of cases; generally this secretion is throughout suppressed; the pulse is small, weak, and perhaps quicker than usual; there is generally a strange dizziness in the head, deafness, tinnitus aurium, particularly on movement, dimness of sight, and a remarkable weakness, which causes the walk to be feeble and tottering, and induces syncope. There is often a burning heat at the epigastrium, and generally nausea, and perhaps vomiting of a greyish or yellowish watery fluid; there is thirst, particularly for cold water, for spirits and water, or for acid drinks. Except in the most rapid cases, there is more or less purging of a watery fluid, with or without white flocculi. Cramps either come on now or in an hour or two, according to the amount and kind of purging. On listening to the respiration it is found that the inspiratory murmur is as it were cut short; it is rougher and more bronchial than usual; sometimes the expiratory murmur is unusually distinct and lengthened. In direct ratio to the state of the respiration is the voice; this is at first husky, as if there were a collection of mucus in the throat, or the note is raised; then it is gradually lessened, and altered in tone and volume until it is reduced to a whisper. The expired air is colder than the breath of the observer. The action of the heart is weak, and, in malignant cases, the impulse is very feeble. The sounds of the heart are generally natural; sometimes they are confused, succeeding each other rapidly, and shortening the interval of rest; sometimes the first is like the second sound; occasionally the second sound is lost. If recovery takes place from this state the vomiting and purging gradually cease, but the skin does not for some time regain its warmth, nor the pulse its volume; the patient lies quiet, or is drowsy, and sleeps at intervals, being awakened only by the sensation of thirst, or by an occasional and infrequent attack of vomiting or purging. After a variable number of hours, sometimes as many as sixty, the pulse is found to have gradually risen, and to beat with considerable force, the skin becomes hot, there is sometimes headache, and a febrile exacerbation occurs like the exacerbations of bilious remittent fever. After a short space of time this goes off, and in two or three days the patient is quite well.

More hideous is

THE PATH TO DEATH.

In the majority of cases, however, the distinctive symptoms, instead of remaining stationary, gradually become more intense; the heart's action becomes weaker, the skin and tongue colder, and the profuse sweats cold and clammy. The livid circle round the eyes enlarges, the face falls in, the eyes are sunk in the sockets, the external veins about the

head and temples appear in some cases distended, the conjunctivæ are glazed and reddened, and perhaps covered with a film; the lips are livid or black; the countenance assumes, in consequence, a peculiar and terrible appearance; the skin has a dark red or bluish tinge, sometimes resembling those of a drowned person; the voice is whispering, there is craving thirst, the inspirations per minute are gradually augmented in number to thirty, forty, or even sixty; the pulse becomes gradually weaker, and at times intermittent; the hands and feet are shrivelled and sodden, the vomiting and purging gradually cease, or in a few cases continue in a slight degree till death. There is restlessness, apparently from the dyspnoea, which is often most distressing. In malignant cases there are, from time to time, attacks of pain in the cardiac region, as if the heart were affected with spasm; there is often pain in the loins, and in these cases, after death, the colon is found contracted; there is a peculiar odour exhaled from the body, which it is impossible to describe, but which resembles the albuminous odour of the stools: in a few cases, in fair-haired and fair-skinned people, I have seen a white papular appearance, produced apparently by the shrinking of the skin. At a period later than this, the circulation, which has been gradually lessening from the very commencement, becomes almost altogether arrested; the pulse becomes imperceptible, or at times felt fluttering, and then again lost; the heart's action can usually be felt, or seen sometimes when its impulse is too feeble to be perceived by touch; vomiting, purging, and cramps usually cease, or sometimes recur in a slight degree. Pain in the loins is common, and sometimes there is an agonising tightness and oppression in the cardiac region. The patient lies quiet, or is comatose, rousing himself, perhaps, when spoken to, or else roused only by transient cramps, or the sensation of thirst; the extremities are icy-cold, and bedewed by a very cold clammy or oily perspiration. If the coma be great, the breathing seems carried on entirely by reflex action, and is almost stertorous, and the patient cannot swallow, unless the fluid be conveyed beyond the arch of the fauces. If the circulation be less completely arrested, there is great restlessness, on account of the dyspnoea. Sometimes the patient dies suddenly in momentary convulsions: the cause of this is not very obvious. Two or three hours before death there is often some return of heat in the scalp and forehead, over the region of the heart or whole chest, and it may be also over the abdomen; the extremities are still icy-cold, and the cholera visage is unaltered. This partial return of heat on the head and trunk is an immediate forerunner of death, and, as far as I have seen, is invariably a fatal sign; it is occasionally confined altogether to the cardiac region, and is sometimes astonishingly great. The local heat also occasionally comes on or increases after death, and is therefore owing, perhaps, to some chemical change in the blood; it may be to some loss of solubility of certain liquid components.

The differences of opinion that exist as to the modes of treatment are sufficiently perplexing, for each has good reasons to adduce for the preference. Some consider the purging beneficial. Dr. PARKES thinks it ought to be stayed as speedily as possible. After so many years' experience, what a melancholy confession is this:—

No medicine has yet been found which can counteract the changes in the fibrine, and nullify the first effect of the choleraic virus in the blood. The antidote to this tremendous poison has not yet been discovered, and the resources of modern European science have opposed its destructive action with as little effect as the untutored efforts of the most barbarous nation to whom its ravages are known. The efforts of European science have, indeed, it appears to me, in many cases proved hurtful. The attempt to cut short the disease, and to rouse the system from a state erroneously compared to debility and to exhaustion, has certainly often accelerated the progress of Cholera. It is a most important practical point, that Cholera runs a certain

course: when the algid symptoms have once shewn themselves, a case cannot be cut short: even in the mildest forms, warmth does not return altogether for a long time, but when the disease has reached its acme the patient is invariably seen to remain for some hours in a peculiar state, during which time Nature seems to be gradually repairing the injury which has been done. Therefore, when a person is cold and almost pulseless, with a heart embarrassed and a respiration nearly arrested, the attempt violently to arouse him from this state by strong stimulants, by warmth to the surface, by continued frictions, or by measures of a like kind, seems to me to be founded altogether on a misapprehension. Before the delicate machinery of circulation and respiration can again play, hours must elapse; if medicine could only keep the patient alive for these few hours, all would be done that art can ever do. If respiration could be maintained—not the mere mechanical act of breathing in and out, but the chemical process in sufficient integrity to allow the blood to circulate through the capillaries of the lungs—nature would gradually bring about the cure. This is the great problem which medicine has to accomplish, and which, next to the discovery of some actual antidote to the poison itself, appears to be the most ready method of accomplishing the cure of Cholera.

As cure is hopeless, there remains for us nothing but prevention. And the preventives are—attention to general health, and, above all, good drainage and sewerage, ventilation, cleanliness, and the other sanitary measures which the intelligence of the country is now demanding, and to which the opponents are corporations and parochial jobbers. It will be hard, indeed, if such as they should be suffered to condemn the population of England to be decimated by Cholera.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Popular Account of the Manners and Customs of India; illustrated with numerous Anecdotes. By the Rev. T. ACLAND, late Chaplain at Borea, Cuttack, and Midnapore. London, 1847. Murray.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THOUGH the name and the use are familiar to Europeans, doubtless, many of them have very vague ideas concerning the precise nature of the accommodation afforded by

THE PALANQUIN.

It is made of wood, painted as an English carriage, and having arms, crest, &c. if you choose. The top is covered with a white cement to prevent its leaking, and is slightly curved, so that the rain may run off. The bottom is open timber work, on which is laid a mattress and other cushions, covered generally with thin leather. The sides, top, &c. are lined often with crimson silk. I have had my mattress and other cushions covered with white drill; it is much more serviceable, and will wash: my lining is of the same. The interior length of my palanquin is six feet six inches, the breadth three feet three inches, and of the same height. The wicker work of the bottom extends from the head to within one foot three inches of the foot; then instead of wicker-work is a wooden box, which in mine is covered with part of a leopard's skin. In it I carry a few bottles of soda-water, and beer, and a bottle of water. Over my feet, resting on brackets, is a box, an invention of my own, which I find most useful. It is three feet long, one foot and a quarter broad, and one foot high. In this I keep a great variety of things I may need. Whenever I halt, I have nothing to do but lift this box out, and there is all my apparatus on the table. Most people have only a shelf, on which they place their medicine-chest, dressing-case, pistols, &c.; but I found this so inconvenient, that I resolved to have the whole in one movable box, and I find it a great additional comfort. In the lining of the palanquin are pockets for books, &c. and stuck here and there are hooks on which to hang a watch, &c. I

have pillows especially for my palanquin; mattress, blanket, and a few books, and then I can start in comfort for a four or five days' journey. There is a place outside behind for a large washhand basin; and in front there are two little windows, like those of a carriage, with glass and venetian blinds; behind there is one window, and also a lamp with a glass in the back of the palanquin, so as to shew its light inside.

A romantic, striking, and thought-awakening place must be

BHOHONESWAR.

Bhohoneswar is a very ancient town, much more so than Pooree; it is celebrated for containing nine hundred and ninety-nine temples. The natives say that had there been a thousand, Juggernath would have taken up his abode here; but as there were not, he preferred having a new temple for himself at Pooree. The ancient city has disappeared, and the town only consists of a few hundred mud huts. The temples, however, remain, some perfect, others in ruins; some facing the street of the modern town, others half hidden in the surrounding jungle. It is a wonderful place, and I hardly know how to describe it. At one extremity of the town is a tank, about half a mile square, and of great depth, entirely faced with huge blocks of black iron stone. In the centre of this stands a small temple, whilst the sides are surrounded by others, of greater or less size. At the end next the town, an enormous flight of steps leads down to the water, where hundreds of pilgrims were hastening to wash themselves before entering the great temple. The farther end is bounded by a dense and lofty jungle, and in the distance is a splendid background of rugged hills. After leaving the burrah tellons (great lambe) we walked through a lane of temples, many of which were ruinous, until we came to the grand sacred edifice of the place. The form of this, as indeed of most of the others, is similar to that of Pooree. The temple of Bhohoneswar is, however, larger, the principal tower being about two hundred feet high. Like all the others, it is built entirely of stone, and every block is most elaborately carved. The various cornices of elephants, horses, &c. are as beautifully executed as if they had been done by the best European artists. The fretwork is most delicate in its livery, and the many images, though representing grotesque figures, are admirably carved. The whole forms one mass of the most splendid sculpture. No description would enable the reader to form any idea of the magnificence of this building. Many of the blocks of stone are fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five feet in length, and thick in proportion. It would be curious to discover by what means they were raised to the height of above one hundred feet. This temple is still sacred, and we were therefore not allowed to enter it, but we examined the interior of several of the others. The lofty domes were evidently constructed by a people who were ignorant of the use of the arch; they are formed of overlapping stones, approaching nearer and nearer until they reach the top, where the whole is surmounted by one enormous block.

From Bhohoneswar the party proceeded to

CUNDEGURREE.

This latter place consists of three hills, surrounded by the most romantic-looking jungle. Our palanquins were set down in what may be called a forest, at the foot of the principal hill, and crowned by a small but very pretty white temple. These hills are perforated in every direction with caves of various dimensions, and reminded me most forcibly of the ancient Petra. Many of the caves are inhabited by devotees and priests. The god whom they worship is quite unknown to our Hindu servants; he is called Persilat'h, and is the god of the Jains, who were a powerful race that existed prior to the introduction of the Hindu religion. There are very few of them now remaining. The god is represented as a naked man, standing upright, with his arms hanging down by his sides. In many of the caves are images of this deity, beautifully cut in a dark-blue stone. At the summit is a Jain temple, which has been rebuilt within the last two hundred

years. The Hindus say that the caves are the works of demons. Above the entrances to them are long inscriptions in a forgotten tongue. Several of the latter appear to resemble the Greek; but most of them are different from any known language. The entrance to one of the caverns is through an enormous lion's head, cut out of the solid rock. Within the lion's mouth is an inscription in two lines, which I copied. Many of the caves are large and lofty; others very small: there are some of them not high enough for a man to stand upright; of these latter, several have very small entrances, and in these are devotees, who had vowed never to leave them alive. The wonder seems how they could ever have managed to creep in. I saw some of these holy men; one of them had entirely lost his sight; another had his right arm shrivelled and fixed in an upright position, with the nails, several inches in length, growing through the palm of his hand. What suffering do these heathens endure for the sake of their religion, whilst we are so unwilling to do even a little to please the true God! Their superstitions are most disgusting; but they are a reproach to us, both for our inertness in attempting to convert the Hindus, and also for the contrast they afford to our self-control, who call ourselves Christians.

In the solid rock of these hills have been excavated some tanks; but the most marvellous thing of all is the palace of the ancient rajahs. This, like all the rest, is hollowed out of the solid stone, and consists of two stories; the lower comprises a good-sized square court, surrounded on all sides by large excavated chambers. Into this yard you are obliged to descend from above. The upper floor is similarly cut, except that a large portion of the rock has been cut away before the entrances were made to the chambers. The consequence is, that there is a broad terrace overlooking the rooms beneath, and upon which the several apartments of the upper story open. What labour must have been employed in making these extraordinary excavations! The chambers are narrow, about twelve feet wide, but many of them are long; speaking from conjecture, I should say that one of them was not less than forty feet,—the length corresponding with the direction of the side of the quadrangle. The entrance walls (if I may call them so) seem to have been much ornamented; but what struck me most was a statue, cut, of course, out of the solid rock, and supporting one side of an ornamental entrance to one of the chambers. The statue, the natives say, is intended to represent the Rajah who founded the palace; it is nearly the size of life, and well preserved. The right arm hangs down by the side, the left is bent at the elbow, the hand resting on the hip. On the head appears to be a close helmet, with, I think, scales down each side of the face. The dress consists of a short shirt of scale-armour, reaching down to the thigh; below this hangs a cloth shirt to the knees; hanging from the shoulders behind is a short cloak, resembling that worn by our modern horsemen; round the waist is a sash or loose belt; boots reaching half-way to the knees; and at the side a double-edged Roman sword. Now, to what nation or people such a dress as this can have belonged, I cannot conceive. I feel confident that no people of India have ever worn such garments; yet, when I look at this dress, and consider the Grecian nature of many of the letters in the inscriptions, and the un-Indian appearance of the pillars in the lion's mouth, I cannot help asking myself whether it is possible that, when Alexander was stopped by the Affghans, any of his people ventured still further into the country, and, after various wanderings, founded Cundegurree, as conquerors of the district. Or, if I wish to turn my speculations in another direction, I may examine the dress carved in stone, and that statue, and think of the name of the reputed founder, Lalal, India, Kesari (quere, Cæsar?) All this, however, is mere speculation, as I have no sufficient data at present by which to arrive at any conclusion. There is a much longer inscription very correctly copied in Stirling's *History of Orissa*.

We blush to transcribe this specimen of

BRITISH MANNERS IN INDIA.

And now I must mention some circumstances

which to me rendered our expedition to Neilghur very unpleasant; they relate to the manner in which our party treated the Rajah. On the morning of our arrival, after our descent from the hills, he came with a party of horsemen to call upon us. We were just sitting down to breakfast, when I observed the cavalcade approaching. I mentioned it, and proposed that, according to Indian politeness, we should go into the verandah of our tent to receive them. But the principal man of our party said, "Oh! bother the fellow, we can't see him now;" and he sent a servant out to tell him so. In the afternoon the Rajah sent his man, corresponding to our chief gamekeeper in England, to ask when we should like the coolies to beat the jungle, and to say that he would join us in the hunt. We named the time, and started accordingly, found the coolies in readiness, and saw the Rajah and his brother coming upon the elephants. Our party began to move on, when I asked, "Will you not wait for the Rajah?" "I should think not!" was the reply; "we don't want the beastly niggers with us." And yet these civilised men were glad enough to make use of these beastly niggers' coolies and elephants. I stayed behind, and had some talk with them. The next day the two Rajahs called at the tent; they entered as gentlemen, and made the usual Indian salutation. With the exception of myself, I do not think one of our party even rose from his chair. In the course of conversation we spoke of the badness of the water we got. The Rajah immediately offered to send a man six miles into the hills to fetch some from a mountain stream. In little more than an hour afterwards, one of the party, feeling thirsty, sent a servant to ask the Rajah whether he had not got that water yet. In India, in speaking to a servant, you use the word "toom," which signifies "you." In speaking to a gentleman, you say "ab," which signifies "your honour." One or two of our party made a point of saying "toom" to the Rajah, which was in fact a great insult. The younger brother called upon us. The chief of our party spoke to him on the subject of the disturbances, although it had all been settled by the Commissioner, and gave him a regular blowing-up. And now, remember, all this was to a gentleman—an Indian, it is true, but still a gentleman—with a fine estate, and about 6,000*l.* a year, from whom we were receiving every kindness, and on whose land we were hunting. Can it be wondered at, that the natives don't like us so well as might otherwise have been expected?

We regret deeply to find that this ungentlemanly and unchristian conduct is very general among our countrymen in the East, and is frequently exhibited in the manner in which they treat the native servants. Frequently, even, they degrade themselves so far as to make use of the lash. Painful as it is to give publicity to so deep a stain on the character of our countrymen, we feel it our duty to hold up to condemnation behaviour so thoroughly deserving of it, thinking that we can thus best contribute to the removal of so heavy a disgrace.

Here is a lively description of the

INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE IN INDIA.

My wife and I were sitting, after tea, playing at backgammon, and enjoying the cool breeze that came through the open venetians, when suddenly it began to rain. In an instant the room swarmed with insects of all sorts. There was the beautiful large green mantis; and as we were watching his almost human motions, a grasshopper and a large brown cricket flew against my face, while a great cockroach, full three inches long, came on my wife's neck, and began humming about her head and face, and dress; the flying ant, which emits a most nauseous effluvia; and the flying bug, black, and about the size of an English one, which, if you crush him, will make your fingers smell most dreadfully for many hours;—and with these our clothes were covered, and we were obliged to keep brushing them away from our faces, but with very gentle handling; and then came two or three hornets, which sent Mrs. Acland to bed to get under the mosquito cur-

tains, where none of these horrid creatures can get at her. I sat up trying to read, but buzz came a mosquito on the side of my face, up went my hand a tremendous slap on the cheek to kill the tormentor, and buzz he went on again. Then I felt something big burying itself in my hair, and then came buzz on the other side, and then all around. Presently, with a loud hum, a great rhinoceros beetle dashed into my face. I now began to take some of the animals out of my hair; and the first that I touched was a flying bug; the stench was dreadful. I rushed out of the room, brushing the horrible creatures from my hair with both hands. I nearly fell over a toad, on which I trod, and reached my bedroom to find eighteen or twenty great toads, crouching in different parts of the room, and five large bats whirling round and round the bed. Having washed my hands in eau-de-Cologne, I quickly undressed and fell asleep. In the course of the night a troop of jackalls surrounded the house, and by their frightful yells soon drove away all idea of rest; and then about four o'clock, as we were just dozing off again, comes the roll of the drum and the loud voice of the trumpet, the tramp of the soldiers, the firing and all the bustle of the parade; and as soon as that is over, comes the changing guard, and the "shoulder harrms," and the "quick march," near our house, and so we got up. Then comes the bath, the greatest luxury of the day (the water just cooler than the air), into which I get with a book, lie there an hour reading, get out, and partly dress, and then admit my man to wash my feet in cold water, and to shampoo me and brush my hair, whilst another brings me cup of a delicious coffee, or a glass of sherbet; and then breakfast, with an enormous fan swinging to and fro over our heads; and then the heat and the discomfort, and the languor till five o'clock, agreeably diversified only by a bottle of beer cooled with saltpetre and water; and then a drive, and tea, and mosquitoes again, and so on.

We conclude with an account of

A DAY'S SPORT IN THE JUNGLE.

Another day we expected some danger. When we arrived at the ground, which consisted of thick patches of jungle, with open spaces between, we got out of our toujons and took our guns. There we found a number of men looking for traces of deer, wild beasts, tigers, or any other animals. As soon as they found the track of one, they followed it until it led into the jungle, and exactly at that spot they pushed in among the bushes an enormous bag made of a net of thick rope. Its mouth was kept open by a few twigs, whilst a running rope went round the entrance, and was fastened to a stake on one side. If then any animal should make a rush along this track, he must go head-foremost into the net; the twigs would fall down, the net would be drawn tight, and the poor creature would be a prisoner. All these preparations were at length concluded, and the Rajah then advised us to mount the elephants, as he said two tigers had been seen in these jungles the day before. We at once asked him whether his elephants had been trained to stand the charge of a tiger, which always springs at its head. He said he did not know; and we agreed that we would rather stand the advance of a tiger on foot ourselves, than on the back of a mad elephant, scampering at random through the jungle. So we built up an artificial hedge in front of us, and crouched down with our guns pointed through some loopholes we had left in our fence. This arrangement was hardly completed before we began to hear the sound of the drums and the trumpets, and the yells of the people, as nearly a thousand of them marched through the jungle towards us, driving before them every sort of game. I should tell you that we kept our elephants close at hand in case of the worst. You cannot imagine the excitement in such watching as this. Two or three miles off, the most fearful yells from 1,000 men, close round you utter silence; your eyes roaming in every direction, not knowing at what point a tiger may break out.

Ha!—listen! there's a crack among the branches, and out rushes a noble stag. Bang goes G.'s gun (we had agreed that he should have the

first shot)—he's down. "Hush! here's something else in this patch of jungle." "Where?" he whispers, as he loads. "There; I see it now;—look out, here it comes!" And sure enough outrushed seven pigs, followed almost immediately by three others. Now a wild boar is a most awkward animal to fight on foot, and we had agreed that we should not fire at them. However, they rushed right towards us. "What's to be done?" "Get on the elephants," says G. "No time," said I; "follow me," and we both fairly turned tail, pursued by a herd of pigs, until we came to a bush, or rather a patch of bushes, round which we could make a short turn to escape them, and then back to our own station, laughing as hard as we could. But really a wild boar is no laughing matter, as he rushes along tearing up the earth. If he charges, as he almost invariably does, with one movement of his head he could cut both legs to the bone, dividing the arteries, and probably killing the man. Presently a young stag rushed into the bag with such force as to break both his horns off; there we found him when we examined the nets. We were sitting watching for what should come next, when G. raising his finger, whispered to me, "What's that down there in the plain?" "That's a deer." "No, it can't be; do you see how it slouches along? Depend upon it, it's not a deer." "Well, at any rate, it's coming this way; we'll soon get a look at it." Another pause of half a minute, and the beast was concealed in a little patch of jungle a few hundred yards from us. I had now time to examine it. "I'll tell you what, G. that brute's a regular tiger." "Well, so I thought, but I hardly liked to say so. What shall we do if he comes this way?" "I say, keep close where we are." "But suppose he should make a spring over the hedge in front of us?" "Lie flat down, and let him go over us; yet I think I could hardly resist having a shot while he was in the air." "Oh! pray don't fire; what in the world could we do on foot against a wounded tiger?" However, our fears were needless; as the beaters advanced, the animal slunk away into a more distant piece of jungle, and we saw no more of him. Two of our people were rather hurt to-day—one by a deer leaping over him, and cutting his head with his hoof; a rupee, however, made him quite happy again: the other was a man who, as a large stag rushed past, made a spring at its horns, thinking to pull it down, whereby he got a severe fall, and prevented us from firing.

We close this little volume with the greater regret that we cannot hope to meet again the agreeable author. A very few weeks after being engaged in the adventure detailed above, he fell a victim to liver-complaint. As the work has been compiled from letters addressed by Mr. ACLAND to his children, which were written with a view to their amusement and instruction, it is peculiarly adapted to delight young readers, while it cannot fail of affording much pleasure to those of riper years.

POETRY.

Revelations of the Beautiful, and other Poems.

By EDWARD HENRY BURRINGTON. London, 1847. Pickering.

ALL things that exist to man's eye or imagination present themselves under two forms: there is, first, their outward and visible shape and hue, pleasing or unpleasing, with parts harmonious or discordant, palpable to the organs of sense; and there is, secondly, that which has been not inaptly termed "the soul in all things,"—the spirit undefined and immaterial that links the individual to all creation by sympathies and resemblances which the careless eye does not discover, but which are as much realities as the shapes and colours it beholds, and which make the assertion that there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,"—not

merely a playful fiction of the fancy, but a fact in nature.

SCIENCE traces the composition, the proportion, the relationship one to another of the substances of things. POETRY deals with their spirit; investigates their relationship,—not one to another, but to the human mind; traces the chords of sympathy that vibrate to their touch; and interprets the divinity of creation, as does Science its chemistry or its electricity.

The POET is the priest and interpreter of this soul of Nature, as is the MAN OF SCIENCE of its substance. His office it is to trace the "sermons in stones;" to find the sympathies that link the spirit of the flower with the heart of man; to find in shapes and colours resemblances and suggestions that kindle the emotions of his audience. The distinction between the Poet and his fellow-men is this: there lies the meaning wrapped up in all God's creation, linked by mysterious sympathies with every soul that is; but the common mind does not perceive them, or only dimly; it recognizes little more than form and hue alone. The Poet hath more delicate perceptions, faculties more exalted and refined; larger sympathies, a more vivid imagination, quicker emotions, than his fellow-men; he sees what they cannot discern; he feels what they do not feel: he discovers a thousand associations between the object that to others was but a shape, and a hue, and other objects; in his mind it stirs emotions it has awakened not in theirs. Standing thus as an interpreter between nature and man, he proclaims to his fellow-men in appropriate language these spiritual meanings of things, these invisible associations one with another; he exhibits the links that connect them with the soul of man; the thoughts they suggest, the emotions they awaken, the wisdom they teach; and the words in which he does this, by custom, and perhaps from innate tendency, set in harmonious numbers, constitute a POEM.

Such is our theory of POETRY, and our definition of the office of the POET and of the nature of a POEM. If we are right, Mr. BURRINGTON is a true Poet, and this volume genuine Poetry. The assertion is a bold one; but we believe that when the evidence is adduced, the most sceptical reader will admit that it is not made without good reason, and certainly not without due deliberation.

The name of Mr. BURRINGTON is not strange to the readers of THE CRITIC. Long ago were our columns adorned by the productions of his pen. Many of the best poems in the volume were first published in these pages. Before his name was known to us, when, with the modesty of one who was trying his 'prentice hand, he wrote anonymously, we recognised the Poet, and gladly encouraged the cultivation of his genius by giving to it scope for exercise. It was from no confidence in himself, but at the earnest recommendation of disinterested friends, who believed that, even in its present depression, true poetry would find welcomers enough to encourage its cultivation, that Mr. BURRINGTON was induced to the publication of a volume which might introduce him to the world, where, as we hope and believe, he is destined to fill no ignoble place. We have purposely refrained from reviewing this volume until some of the great authorities in the literary world had passed their opinion upon it, lest any praise of ours might be attributed to partiality for a contributor. But the approving judgments of two such high authorities as the *Spectator* and the *Examiner*, not passed in the brief terms of a notice among the crowd of

lesser candidates, but in the shape of formal and elaborate critical reviews, permits us no longer to delay the addition of the more humble, but not less sincere, commendations of THE CRITIC to those of its contemporaries.

Mr. BURRINGTON's poetry is said by the *Spectator* to be of the school of WORDSWORTH. In this we cannot agree. It has a character of its own; there is originality both of thought and of expression. True, that Mr. BURRINGTON recognizes very nearly the same theory of poetry as WORDSWORTH, but he illustrates it differently. He does not descend to the meanest things for the mere sake of exercising his ingenuity in finding in them lofty truths. To some extent, all young authors are imitators; but the difference between the mocking-bird poet, and him who is learning to sing his own native songs, is, that in the latter we trace everywhere, however rudely and imperfectly expressed, the notes that his soul prompts; in the former we can find nought but the sounds his ear has caught, and his memory treasured, and his lips repeat. In Mr. BURRINGTON's poems, if here and there be seen the suggestions of other poets, there is no mistaking the continual utterances of an original genius, that interest us even more by the rich promise they yield of a future matured by age and strengthened by experience, than by that it has already achieved.

We are not blind to Mr. BURRINGTON's faults: if he had none, or fewer of them, we should have less hope of him. Faultlessness is a dangerous symptom in a young poet; it is the characteristic of mediocrity. We despair at once of a poetaster of whose verses it can only be said that there is nothing to blame and nothing to praise: whose virtues are all negative. Original genius cannot be confined by rules, so it tries its wings, flies after its own fashion, and commits many errors in its efforts to learn the extent of its powers. It will make many an aimless bound into the illimitable world it seeks to explore, and often mistake a fancy for a reality, a cloud for an object. But presently, with every new excursion, the faculties will be strengthened; the true will be distinguished from the false; and, in his utterance of song, conceits will cease to be substituted for poetry.

The faults of Mr. BURRINGTON are precisely those which belong to youthful genius, and which time and practice never fail to cure. He is somewhat too dreamy and abstract. Having, probably, like all reflective men, thoughts that no language can express, he makes a vain attempt to give them utterance, and although they may be intelligible enough to their parent, who knows what he intended to say, they are obscure and dreamy to the reader, who can measure only their actual expression. Another fault is a want of connection in his thoughts. We cannot at once discover the association of ideas in consecutive sentences, much less in consecutive sections of the same poem. This is more especially obvious in the *Revelations of the Beautiful*, which, though termed a poem, is in fact a collection of poems, with nothing to link one division of it with another. The third fault is simply in the mechanism of his verse. With an extremely fine sense of harmony of sound, Mr. BURRINGTON is occasionally guilty of offences against rhyme, and metre which are simply the results of want of sufficient care in composition. Although this detracts nothing from the character of the poetry, as such, it is often made a serious objection by those who cannot appreciate the higher qualities of thought; and as it can always be avoided, it is worth Mr. BURRINGTON's attention in his future exercises of

the art in which he has already established his claim to so high a place.

But our readers will ask for specimens, and they are so abundant that we might extract half the volume, and not exhaust the beauties that deserve particular notice. As it is, we shall be tempted to extend our review over two notices, assured that we shall have the thanks of our readers for placing in their hands a few columns of that which of late years has been the rarest product of English literature—true poetry, and with the hope that all the lovers of poetry will be induced to possess themselves of the volume that enshrines so much of it, and to place it foremost upon the list of books to be ordered in their book-clubs, with the confidence that they will be doing an acceptable service to all among whom it is circulated.

From the first and largest poem, *Revelations of the Beautiful*, we take one passage peculiarly exhibiting the poet's turn of thought, and the melody of his verse:—

What is real and what aerial
By a mutual law unite;
Mental Beauty and material
Multiply themselves like light.
Beauty never comes alone,
But hath Beauty in its train;
If it be a music tone
Echo utters it again.
Infants will their smiles unfold
When their nurses smile before them,
And some flowers are changed to gold
When the golden sun shines o'er them.
Every wave which sinks behind
Spurs a glittering billow on,
And a new thought fills the mind
When another thought is gone.
Little streams, in silver flocks,
Bringing Beauty from each branch,
Creeping to the brink of rocks,
Make the glorious avalanch.
Little lips that babyhood
Justifies the right to kiss,
Grow so beautifully good,
That we gain by what we miss.
Icicles, which smile like Hope,
In the shadows of the day,
Sparkle still, from crag and slope,
When they weep themselves away.
Beauty here is Beauty's mother,
Universal kin are they;
God hath made them for each other,
Like his children of the clay!

Better than this is

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Walk with the Beautiful and with the Grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the band,
But give not all thy bosom-thoughts to her:
Walk with the Beautiful!
I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door:
Then love the Beautiful!
Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;
The Angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only:
Then love the Beautiful!
Sigh for it!—clasp it when 'tis in thy way!
Be its idolator, as of a maiden!
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they;
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden
Comes with the Beautiful!
Some boast its presence in a Grecian face;
Some, on a favourite warbler of the skies:
But be not fooled! where'er thine eye might trace,
Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise:
Then seek it everywhere.
Thy bosom is its mint, the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee: be-
lieving
The Beautiful exists in every star,
Thou mak'st it so; and art thyself deceiving
If otherwise thy faith.

Thou seest Beauty in the violet's cup;—
I'll teach thee miracles! Walk on this heath,
And say to the neglected flower "Look up
And be thou Beautiful!" If thou hast faith
It will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue,
It turns the feelings prematurely old;
And they who keep their best affections young
Best love the Beautiful!

The miscellaneous poems tempt us at every page. We have marked, as deserving extract, more than half of those in the collection. From these we must again cull, and we are perplexed which to exclude. Certainly not these original thoughts on a hackneyed theme.

DREAMS.

Our life is half a dream; the other half
Reality, and Time is king of both:
The heart is very loth
To dwell with fact for ever, though the laugh
Be its own echo. Thought will gather pearls
From untrod shores, and dreams are often false
That point their finger unto crystal worlds;
But like the little glittering water-globes
Which children send upon the winds to waltz,
They come in beauty, and their painted robes,
When most like rainbows, fade beneath the sky,
And thereby mock our brain. The pulse leaps high
When Fancy is the inmate of our homes!
Dreams are false prophets oftentimes to us;
But having them, each dreamy man becomes
An Atlas, with a giant's strength to carry
The earth upon his shoulders. It is thus
That Speculation makes us intermarry
With mimic Truth, and tempts us so, to see
The mirror of our wishes. What were we
If dreamless? Or, how could we ever meet
The spirit of Misfortune, when he strides
Our threshold, and sits chattering at our feet?
We bribe with dreams the passing hour, that glides
Like a destroying Angel by.
Some men live dreamers, some in dreaming die;
And he who dreams the most, hath most of hope—
And hope is joy. Not when the lid is down,
That shuts the window, 'neath whose raven slope
We borrow light, is dreaming only found;
For he who stands on dizzy mountains piled,
As Eagles do, may there remain dream-bound,
And stare upon the sun.

What of the child?

He fashions for himself, in dreams, a zone
In which his baby intellect runs round,
As in a world peculiarly his own.
He cannot kiss his master's rod, which brings
The gushings from his eyes—the burning tears;
And then he thinks, beyond all childish things,
How glorious 'tis to be a man in years.
What of the youth? He, too, builds brilliant
castles
Upon the floorless winds, and peoples each
With fantasies. His dreams are the mute vassals
That wait his summons, and his heart can reach
All future hopes, which are no more than air.
And when the frosts of life make his brow cold,
His castles fade away, as did the rare
Enamelled ones, when the old lamp was sold
Which made Aladdin's pomp.

What of the man?

He sends his warm and busy fancies out
To revel where the Roses are. A scout
Is missioned by his brain to lead the van
Of his realities, that brings report
Of lands which overflow with honey streams.
Reason's magnificent and kingly court
Is thronged with witnesses subpoenaed by dreams,
Where each and all make holiday. 'Tis well
That living what man truly is, he seems
What he is not, for who would wish to dwell
One moment with disease, and pain, and tears,
And feel his hopes less vivid than his fears?

BARRY CORNWALL himself has produced
nothing superior in its strain to

THE KINGS OF THE SOIL.

Black sio may nestle below a crest,
And crime below a crown;
As good hearts beat 'neath a fustian vest
As under a silken gown.
Shall tales be told of the chiefs who sold
Their sinews to crush and kill,
And never a word be sung or heard
Of the men who reap and till?
I bow in thanks to the sturdy throng
Who greet the young Morn with toil;

And the burden I give my earnest song
Shall be this—The Kings of the Soil!
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread.

Proud ships may hold both silver and gold,
The wealth of a distant strand;
But ships would rot, and be valued not,
Were there none to till the land.
The wildest heath, and the wildest brake,
Are rich as the richest fleet,
For they gladden the wild birds when they wake,
And give them food to eat.
And with willing hand, and spade and plough,
The gladdening hour shall come,
When that which is called the "waste land" now,
Shall ring with the "Harvest Home."
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread.

I value him whose foot can tread
By the corn his hand hath sown;
When he hears the stir of the yellow reed
It is more than Music's tone.
There are prophet-sounds that stir the grain,
When its golden stalks shoot up;
Voices that tell how a world of men
Shall daily dine and sup.
Then shame, oh, shame, on the miser creed,
Which holds back praise or pay
From the men whose hands make rich the lands,
For who earn it more than they?
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread.

The poet hath gladdened with song the past,
And still sweetly he striketh the string,
But a brighter light on him is cast
Who can plough as well as sing.
The wand of Burns had a double power
To soften the common heart,
Since with harp and spade, in a double trade,
He shared a common part.
Rome lavished fame on the yeoman's name
Who banished her deep distress,
But had he ne'er quitted the field or plough
His mission had scarce been less.
Then sing for the Kings who are missioned all
To a toil that is rife with good;
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer food.

Is there not the true spirit of poetry in

WINTER?

The Swallow scents the Winter's breath,
When Winter is far behind,
And he knows that scent is the scent of death,
Which rides on the whistling wind.
What's to be done?
The Swallow hath two homes, or more,
And he spreads his black wings to the golden sun,
And swift in his course, as the hurricanes run,
He speeds through the skies to a warmer shore:
The Swallow hath two homes, or more,
But the poor man hath not one.

The poor man scents the Winter's dearth,
Ere the Autumn flowers have had their birth,
And he weeps to think of a cheerless hearth,
And innocent children clad in rags,—
Pale Poverty hath its signs and flags,
As heroes have, whom glory tracks;
And they flutter and hang on human backs!
What's to be done
When the frost shall creep through the hovel door?
The Swallow hath two homes, or more,
But the poor man hath not one.

Call it a shelter if you like,
But call it never a home, I pray,
Where storms through broken windows strike,
And turn men's bodies cold as clay.
Call that no home which hath merely a roof,
But no bread on the shelf, and no fire in the grate,
Lest grinding Poverty's iron hoof,
As if to mock ye with reproof,
Should trample ye down to as low a fate.
The Swallow hath a home in the sun,
But the poor man hath not one.

Do you scent the Winter, rich men, yet,
Ye Swallows with many homes?
Without dread ye may meet it, but never forget,
That a blight to many it comes.

The Swallow hath rushed across the sea,
But the poor man, where is he?
Ye rich ones know
That he hath no home where his feet may go;
And remember this in frost and snow;
Though he hath not a home beneath the sun,
Your charities can make him one.

RELIGION.

A Sermon preached on Sunday, October 17, 1847, being the day appointed for the General Thanksgiving, in the Parish Church of St. Hugh, Harlow, Essex. By the Rev. W. B. Flower, B.A. London, 1847. Masters.

THIS sermon, although probably it sounded well, does not please upon perusal. There is nothing in it but words—words—words. We seek in vain for a substantial meaning; it neither persuades nor convinces. There is no argument and no true eloquence. It is made up of the technicalities of the pulpit, copiously intermingled with texts; it cannot have passed into the minds of the audience, however agreeably it may have fallen upon their ears. From the beginning to the end we are unable to find one original thought, or even a new arrangement of hackneyed thoughts, or commonplace ideas presented in a striking aspect. It is indeed the perfection of commonplace, and why printed we cannot comprehend. If the preacher had possessed any genius, the occasion was a noble one for its display. The thanksgiving for a bountiful harvest must have suggested to a mind fertile of ideas a thousand glorious opportunities for turning to account the duty of the day, and deducing practical lessons that might be of service in all the after-lives of the audience. It is a sign of small capacity that even such a theme could not stir it to something striking and original. Wherefore is it that the rarest thing to be heard is a good preacher—the rarest of books a good sensible sermon? Why do men suppose that when they mount the pulpit they are bound to leave common sense behind them? Is the fault with preachers or audiences? The problem is worth investigation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The History of Cleveland, in the County of York. London, 1847.

TOPOGRAPHY, well written, is always agreeable and profitable reading. It realises history, and adds a vast interest to the localities treated of, by the associations with which it links them. Therefore do we always heartily welcome the accession of works of this class to our table, and give to them whatever aid we can by introducing them to the particular notice of our readers.

The History of Cleveland, like that of almost every spot upon our island, is replete with events that have more than a local interest. The neighbourhood abounds in relics of the British and Roman eras. Thus at Danby they are thickly scattered. "Trenches, camps, forts, houses, British habitations, may be met with on almost every ridge, moor, hill-side, and projecting headland of this romantic region. The ridge which terminates at Castleton, and that which separates Glaisdale from Egton Grange, have been strongly fortified by the ancient Britons. A strong trench between the upper part of Danby Dale and Little Fryup is also unquestionably British. A cluster of British camps, three in number, have been discovered in Little Fryup, a mile south of Danby Castle, each 200 feet square, and calculated for mutual defence, and to resist any attack from the sea in that quarter. Three clusters of pits have also been discovered on the moor between Danby Beacon and Waupley. These differ from others already described, being arranged in parallel lines, instead of the zig-zag form; and the earth, instead of being heaped up as a parapet, has been removed to form a wall outside the lines, enclosing the pits within, so as to conceal them from view. Each range consists of fourteen pits, the breadth of the whole 50 feet. About 100 paces S.E. another small cluster commences; and 150 paces to the western edge of the valley are two other ranges still more extensive—the one consisting of fifteen pits, the other of thirty-four pits. In the

spaces between are Druidical remains; and a tall Druidical pillar, called Longstone, stands northward. Southward are three large houses or tumuli, each 70 feet in diameter and 100 feet asunder. Three large houses, of the crater form, stand near Castleton, close to the Gisborough-road; and the heights are studded with them. From one elevated point we counted at least fifty of these ancient British and Danish sepulchres; none of which, that we heard of, have ever been explored. This seems to indicate that when the low fertile grounds were overrun by their rapacious invaders, the Britons retreated to the heights and fastnesses, where they withdrew their cattle, formed their dwellings, raised fortifications, died or perished amongst the hills, and were interred beneath these sepulchral mounds amidst the desert heath."

Among the most curious of these relics, and which have given rise to much controversy, are the crosses, thus described by the author:—"Crosses were erected by the Danes as memorials of battles, and not unfrequently placed on the graves of distinguished warriors. In Angushire, in Scotland, above the grave of one of their bravest generals (slain by the valiant Keith), 'there was a high stone erected which carries the name of Camus' Cross. And about ten miles distant from this, at Aberlemno, is another cross, erected upon some of the Danes killed there. Both of these have some antique pictures and letters upon them.' The name 'Stump's Cross,' near Gisborough, has perhaps been derived from a similar circumstance. A tradition (familiar to every one in Gisborough) has brought down to us the story of a bloody battle on this spot, probably during the furious dynasty of the Danes; and here one of the soldiers is said to have fought with incredible valour after his legs were hewn off—literally on his stumps—wherefore 'Stump's Cross.' I did conceive at one time that this tradition might refer to the contest between the royalists and the rebels mentioned at p. 63; but, on further consideration, I am inclined to fix the site of the latter battle elsewhere, viz. 'Wars' Fields' (so called to this day), now in the occupation of Mr. Charles Simmonds. A cannon-ball, found in this field, is in the possession of Mr. Simmonds; and, on examining the field, the antiquarian will discover abundance of proof, in the raised mounds, trenches, and irregular disposition of the ground, of its having been strongly fortified, and the scene of some fierce and desperate encounter. The tradition of Stump's Cross must, therefore, go back to a remoter period. The only other cross we need mention may be seen on the road near Hutton Low-Cross, fronting the green lane leading to Kempley, where the Chaloner property joins a small slip belonging to the Crown. All that now remains is the broken shaft and socket; but the sacred symbol has long since been demolished, probably by the same rude fanatic bands before whose brutal rage so many rare and venerable antiquities have disappeared."

The traditions of the country are numerous, and many are here collected. One of the most amusing is the following:—"Tradition affirms that in days of yore his Satanic majesty, with a sporting company of favourite imps, was accustomed, like the stout Percy of Northumberland,

His pleasure in the 'Kildale' woods
Three summer days to take.

A worthy named Stephen Howe, incensed at his highness for poaching on his manor, had the effrontery to boast, on one occasion, that if he again caught him hunting without license, he would not only discharge him from his liberty, but chastise him for his insolence. Hearing of this, Satan, whose courage has never been impeached, seated in a magnificent car, drawn by six coal-black steeds, drove down boldly, at his next visit, to Stephen Howe's small cot, on the brink of Court Moor. 'Hah, hah!' shouted Lucifer, 'I have found you at last!' Upon which poor Stephen took to his heels, being mightily afraid. Not so his wife, Nanny Howe, who, being reputed a famous witch, did not fear even the devil himself, and boldly saluted him with her broom, which caused him to scratch his head with his claws. Soon rallying, with a powerful switch

of his tail he capsized poor Nanny, who was thus compelled to own the superior skill and agility of her antagonist. 'Ah!' quoth the devil, 'you have both grievously offended me; one of you at least must accompany me,—see, I have brought you a carriage and horses: say which of you will go.' 'I, I,' said Nanny; and, shouldering her broom, leaped into the coach without waiting further invitation, and away they drove in gallant style. Midway up the hill the devil, who felt thirsty, alighted, and at one draught drank dry the church-well, which formerly supplied the holy water for baptism. We were further informed, that, during the last century, a certain youth, who, like Tam O'Shanter, had been 'getting fou' and unco happy,' in crossing the wild heaths and moorlands above Kildale, actually beheld Nanny riding on her broomstick over the 'Devil's Court.' The fright occasioned by this incident induced the youth to become ever afterwards a very zealous teetotaler. Nanny Howe is still sometimes to be seen gaily frolicking through the air at the awful hour of midnight."

Another is scarcely less wild. "About the year 1200, Kirklevington was given by Adam de Brus to Henry de Percy, in marriage with his daughter Isabel, on condition (such was the polite chivalry of that age) that 'the said Henry and his heirs should repair to Skelton every Christmas-day, and lead the lady of that castle from her chamber to the chapel to mass, and from thence to her chamber again, and after dining with her, to depart.'"

Subterraneous passages are invariably associated with the popular stories about old castles. At Skelton Castle this sort of mystery was supposed to have been largely enjoyed. "Every child yet believes in the story of the subterraneous passage running from the Priory to Plantation-field in Toccotes. Midway in this dismal pathway is an enormous chest of gold, guarded by a raven or crow, who keeps incessant watch over the precious contents. Once only was the treasure invaded, by a person who hoped to appropriate some of the ingots; but when he had reached the box, its guardian, the raven, suddenly became transformed into his Satanic majesty, who belaboured the intruder with such terrible severity, and otherwise excited such a dreadful fright, that neither he nor any other person ever ventured within the precincts afterwards. Be this as it may, a subterraneous passage unquestionably existed, commencing in the ancient part of the ruin, now occupied as a wine-vault: but the mason who discovered it, Thomas Winter, was ordered by the late Mr. Chaloner again to close it up. The use and object of such a passage we must, of course, leave to conjecture. Doubtless it might reveal many histories of sorrow and guilt, of outrage and licentiousness, which were best hid in the silence and oblivion of the past."

These extracts are sufficient to excite the interest of all who are acquainted with the locality. To others the volume scarcely addresses itself.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

DESTRUCTION OF TOADS.—Since the opening of the atmospheric railway from Paris to St. Germain they have found round the large cast metal tube, chiefly in that part under the tunnel to the viaduct, an immense number of dead toads. Some chemists, being desirous to discover the cause of this mortality, have found the paint in the tube has a singular property of attracting these reptiles and poisoning them. They are in many localities a complete scourge, and the means of destroying them may not be unaccepttable. This composition or paint is formed of 40 parts of sulphate of lead and 60 parts of glue, which is composed of 45 parts of white creosote oil, 15 of gum lacu, and 5 of caoutchouc. In the rural districts this might be used with great advantage by agriculturists in painting their fences.—*Globe.*

DECORATIVE ART.

DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

SOME conception may be formed of the success which may be expected for this Society,

when its machinery is completely organised, from the following remarkable facts:—

As yet, in three towns only have we agents appointed, and actively at work. These have been exerting themselves only for a week, and what is the result?

From Taunton, EALES WHITE, Esq. who has undertaken the office of Provincial Member of the Council for the District of West Somerset, has forwarded a list of eight subscribers. From Wincanton, a small town in Somerset, where Mr. PHILLIPS, the bookseller, has undertaken the agency, no less than five names have been forwarded. From Crewkerne we have received four names. If these three towns in one week have sent such an addition to the list, there is no reason why the same results should not be yielded by the rest of the United Kingdom; and if all of them would but supply the like proportion, or even one-half of those supplied by Taunton and Wincanton, the produce will be a Society far exceeding in number the *Pictorial Art-Union*. And there is no reason why, when agents have been appointed in the other towns, their labours should not produce the same results.

The first object to be attained, then, is the appointment of such agents; and we shall be obliged to the present subscribers, each in his own locality, to find for us a respectable and responsible agent—a book or print seller, or the keeper of a fancy warehouse, would be the fittest person—and send us his name, description, and address, and the necessary prospectuses, &c. shall be immediately forwarded.

We have also to ask the aid of our brethren of the press to use their influence in forwarding the Society. The object is a national one, and as such, it ought to have such assistance as editors can give it, by making it known and recommending it to their readers. In this hope, a prospectus has been forwarded to all the newspapers in country and town, with a request that they will aid our gratuitous endeavours to establish this Society by noticing it in such form as to them may seem best for promoting its success. In its present stage it must rely on voluntary assistance, for necessarily it is without funds to pay for advertising, and even the cost of prospectuses and postages, amounting to no small sum in the aggregate, we are advancing out of our own pocket.

Inquiries have been made what kinds of works of art we propose to distribute. It is impossible to name them. Almost every thing useful to which Art can be applied for its adornment. Works in wood, in metal, in plastic materials; furniture, as well as mere ornaments; carvings, castings, mouldings, papers for rooms; glass in its various forms of beauty, metals gracefully shaped, surfaces exquisitely coloured. To name a few of the articles that occur to us on the moment:—In wood, carved cabinets, couches, chairs, book-cases, &c. In metal, plated centre-pieces, candelabra, urns, dishes, &c. And for the lesser prizes, beautifully formed grates, fenders, and so forth. In glass, chandeliers, lustres, and the multitudinous forms of this material. In stone, carvings of all kinds. In pottery, jugs, cups, dessert services, and such like. Of ornaments, whatever of the beautiful fancy can devise. In brief, this Society will comprehend every form of Art not included in the design of its elder brother—painting, engraving, and sculpture.

This is, of course, only intended to convey a conception of the scope and design of the Decorative Art-Union. It will depend upon the support it receives how much it will be enabled to accomplish.

But again we must remind the reader that inasmuch as it must have *promise* of support before it can stir a step, it is not sufficient for him to approve, and say, "I will join it when it is established." That it may be established, he must join it now, upon the assurance that he shall not be called upon for any part of his subscription, nor be required to contribute any thing, unless and until it attains to a complete organization, and is prepared to apply to the Queen for the Charter of Incorporation.

The following subscribers have been received since our last:—

- No. 48. Barnes, S. E. 2, Falcon-court, Temple.
 49. Gill, C. J. 5, Hardwick-place, Hampstead-road.
 50. Bowering, Wm. 63, Bayham-street, South.
 51. Halliburton, John, Coldstream.
 52. Eyre, Mrs. 10, Marine-parade, Dover.
 53. Grimshaw, Robert, 8, Northampton-place, Canonbury-square.
 54 & 55. Hubball, Miss, Talbot-place, Stafford.
 56. Prosser, William, Victoria-place, Hereford.
 57. White, Fred. Taunton.
 58. Lake, Fred. Taunton.
 59. Town and Emanuel, Messrs. 103, New Bond-street.
 60. Lambert, Lieut. W. L. Barnstaple.
 61. Lewis, H. J. Bathpool-cottage, Taunton.
 62. Willcocks, J. B. Cornwall-street, Plymouth.
 63. Kingsbury, W. King Edward-street, Liverpool-road, Islington.
 64. Kingsbury, Mrs. ditto.
 65. Mansell, W. J. Gloucester.
 66. Sutcliffe, Thomas, Brown-hill, Burnley, paid 1s.
 67. Gane, James, Taunton.
 68. Sparkes, William, Crewkerne.
 69. Hayward, Richard, jun. Chincock, Somerset.
 70. Hayward, Fred. Crewkerne.
 71. Noon, Thomas, Crewkerne.
 72. Croydon, Edward, Torquay.
 73. Ewens, William, Crewkerne.
 74. Marsden, Robert, Belgrave-place, Belgrave-square.
 75. White, Alfred E. Lower Belgrave-place, Belgrave-square.
 76. Blake, William, Chippenham.
 77. Brinkworth, Joseph H. Chippenham.
 78. W. C., Chippenham.

The following are the AGENTS already appointed: SOMERSET.

- Bridgewater—Mr. S. West, bookseller.
 Crewkerne and Martock—Mr. Makeig, bookseller.
 Minehead—Mr. George Williams, banker.
 Taunton—Mr. F. May, bookseller.
 Yeovil, Ilchester, &c. Mr. Custard, printer.
 Weston-super-Mare—Mr. Joseph Whereat, bookseller.
 Wellington—Mr. Corner, bookseller.
 Wiveliscombe—Mr. Davy, bookseller.
 DEVON.
 Torquay—Mr. Edward Croydon (fancy repository.)
 GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
 Gloucester—Mr. W. T. Mansell.
 LANCASHIRE.
 Burnley—Mr. Thomas Sutcliffe, bookseller.
 WORCESTERSHIRE.
 Pershore—Mr. Thomas E. Watts.

ART.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Professor GREEN, in his third lecture on anatomy, demonstrated on the muscles forming the covering of the cavity of the chest and abdomen, dwelling on the importance of the vigour of the heart and lungs in giving expansion to the former. The pectoralis major, important in moving the arm forwards and obliquely upwards towards the sternum, as in throwing a javelin or the quoit, as shewn in the discobolos. The deltoid, forming the convexity of the shoulder, powerful in raising the arm from the side, or in rolling it on its own axis. The serratus magnus, arising from the nine superior ribs, and interdigitating with the obliquus descendens. The trapezius, giving roundness to the neck, attached to the spinous processes of the cervical and dorsal vertebrae and originating from the protuberance of the os occipitis. The latissimus dorsi, a co-operating muscle with the pectoralis major, arises from the

processes of the lumbar vertebrae, is exerted in making a back stroke, as a blow with a hammer or the back stroke of a sabre. In the concluding demonstration on the gluteus maximus, Professor GREEN dwelt on the charm attached to the figure in a sitting posture, the attitude of graceful repose, particularly human, passive, yet with gentle activity implied or expressed, and particularly adapted to mental occupation. Therefore was it that Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS painted HUNTER, the anatomist, sitting,—a man to whom thought was a pleasure and an enjoyment. So likewise is the portrait of LORENZO DE MEDICI striking from the commanding ease of the recumbent posture. Equestrian portraits are, for the same reason, imposing; where the rider, by unseen movements, commands the impetuous fiery steed, as if it was part and parcel of himself, one mind seeming to govern both, and the animal thus becomes a fitting pedestal for a mind capable of commanding armies or of ruling the destinies of nations.

The Royal Academy has this week, for the first time since its establishment, set a draped model for the study of the pupils. This is a movement in the direction we hinted at a few weeks since, and which it is satisfactory to find taken: it is not a great one, truly, yet significant of the "all hail hereafter."

FINE ARTS.

Launce's Lecture. Painted by T. T. DICKSEE. Lithographed by J. R. DICKSEE. London, 1847. Ackermann and Co.

OUR readers may possibly remember that, in our notice of the last spring's *Exhibition of the Society of British Artists*, we marked as the cleverest picture in the gallery, DICKSEE'S *Launce and His Dog*. It caught our eye instantly upon a survey of the walls, and as instantly it was marked with the treble cross in our catalogue, whereby we take note of a picture that strikes us as first-rate. While lingering before it, we heard a picture-dealer of some eminence inform a friend that he had bought it; that immediately upon seeing it he had gone to the keeper and directed his name to be inserted as buyer without asking the price. He had made a good bargain. The picture is now worth double its cost; it will hereafter be worth tenfold its price.

But thanks to the art of lithography, some of its genius can now be enjoyed by all who are willing to expend a few shillings in placing in their portfolios or upon their walls an admirable copy of it by the painter's brother. The lithograph before us preserves the most striking characteristics of the original. The peculiar expression of Launce's face, twisted into a fool's attempt to look wise, but with comedy lurking under the gravity, is as richly humorous here as it was in the picture. And the real sagacity of the dog, who turns up his ear as if listening, and his eye as if he understood his master's no-meaning, and admired the profundity of his eloquence, is delineated upon the stone as perfectly as upon the canvas. We trust that this is the commencement of a series in which Mr. DICKSEE will display his mastery over the comedy of real life, and that the patronage of this lithograph will be such as to induce the spirited publishers to extend the enjoyment of them to the whole public.

MUSIC.

PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOM.—The Ethiopian Delineators are giving (for a limited period) concerts here with great success. The programme being varied every evening affords the opportunity for the introduction of a number of pieces new to the public, and abounding in the quaintness of language and modulation of melody characteristic of these transatlantic ditties,—frequently, by the bye, good old English tunes, a little disguised. Mr. PELHAM, on the bone castanets (claiming to be the original original projector of Ethiopian concerts), is equally to be admired with his great compeer and brother, Mr. PELL, of the St. James's Theatre, whose instructor he was in the art of eliciting music from osteological substances. The performance of Mr. LEDGER on the accordion is very clever; he gives imitations of the octave flute, tuning the violin, hurdy-gurdy, bell-ringing, &c.—displaying the capabilities of the instrument which it would hardly be thought to possess, drawing

forth unanimous encores. Mr. WILLIAMSON, the tenor voice, sings some solo pieces with considerable taste, whilst the harmony of the entire band is most effective, the whole being enlivened by the drollery and conundrums occasionally jerked in by the bones. Making due allowances for first impressions, we think them quite equal to the "Serenaders."

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRICAL CHRONICLE.—Notwithstanding the absurdity of the object in view, the coming Shakespeare night will be both grand and attractive. The Committee have circulated a programme of the performances, as follows:—I. The Episode of the Clowns and their Play: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.—II. The Death of Henry IV.: Second Part of *King Henry IV.*—III. The Story of *Prospero: Tempest*.—IV. *Falstaff's Recruits* before *Justice Shallow*: Second Part of *King Henry IV.*—V. The Balcony Scene: *Romeo and Juliet*.—VI. The Statue Scene: *A Winter's Tale*.—VII. *Katherine and Petruchio*: the acting piece entire, as taken from *The Taming of the Shrew*. The names of the different actors and actresses who have consented to play are—Madame Vestris, Mrs. Nisbett, Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Warner, Miss P. Horton, and Miss Laura Addison; Mr. Macready, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Wallack, Mr. Farren, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Meadows, Mr. Webster, Mr. Granby, Mr. Leigh Murray, and Mr. Graham. This is an inviting company, and will, no doubt, tempt hundreds who have given up play-going, and mourn over the "decline of the drama."—The Surrey is preparing a new Pantomime, which promises much.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. SULLIVAN has brought out here a comedy entitled *Family Pride*, a regular five-act comedy, whose principal fault is that it is in five acts instead of three. As novelists, in obedience to a foolish fashion, spoil their fictions by trying to fit them to three volumes precisely—whatever the needs of the story—unduly expanding some and painfully contracting others, so do our dramatists, by binding themselves to just five acts, destroy many a play that would be charming, if limited to three or four. Mr. SULLIVAN has fallen into this fault; *Family Pride* would have been far better compressed into three acts, for many reasons. The plot is obviously spread out to fill the required space; dialogues are lengthened with the same view. Mr. SULLIVAN is not one of your smart writers, who compensate for all other qualities by continual flashes of wit, that save the piece just when the audience are wearying of its dullness of plot and absence of distinct character. He is a sensible, matter-of-fact writer; his characters are elaborately designed and drawn. *Family Pride* is a substantially good play, and it has been successful through its undeniable merits; but it might be judiciously curtailed in length. FARREN is superb as a tutor, whose career has witnessed his filling of the four parts,—of a rich man, a ruined man, a horse-doctor, and then a tutor, as the last refuge of the destitute. He mingles the traits of each of these phases of his fortune with wonderful tact. Mr. HENRY FARREN is lively, noisy, and natural. Mrs. NISBETT is altogether herself, and makes the best of a part which is one of the worst in the play; which, however, as a whole, will well reward a visit.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Monday was a great day in the annals of this theatre. It introduced upon the stage a version of Mr. H. TAYLOR's play, published many years since, of *Philip van Arteveldt*. Probably most of our readers are acquainted with the original work, which was not a play, but a dramatic poem, in two volumes. It was avowedly composed for the study, and not for the stage. It was remarkable for its grace and purity. It abounded in fine thoughts, and some passages of poetry of a high order were scattered through it; but the effect of the whole work was to stamp Mr. TAYLOR as more of the philosopher than the poet, more a man of reflection than of imagination. The poem was wanting in the elements of dramatic writing, power and passion. And the faults of the dramatic poem were evident in the play, although the most stirring scenes had been previously selected for representation. MACREADY was every thing in the acted play. It was constructed for him only, and sustained by him alone. And admirably it was sustained. Save in *Richelieu*, which is his master-piece, never did MACREADY display to more advantage. He had manifestly given great

pains to the study of the character of *Philip van Arteveldt*. It was a fine reading, and a magnificent acting. Nay, it was something more than a work of high art,—it was almost an effort of genius. Apart from the merits of the play itself, and from the splendour and picturesqueness of the *mise en scene*, MACREADY's performance was beyond all measure the greatest triumph of histrionic skill which has been exhibited on the British stage since the departure of KEAN. His frank and amusing address to the burghers who had been plotting against his life was a perfect picture of a man seeking popularity without stooping for it, and his subsequent reproof to the *Lord of Orco* was the sublime of taunt. There were three other great scenes. Twice he addresses the multitude from the steps of the Stadthouse at Ghent. The speeches in both were delivered with consummate skill. He manifestly felt what he was uttering, and we never saw MACREADY more natural—less artificial—with so little mannerism, as in these impassioned addresses. The third grand scene was the interview with *Van der Bosch*, and the manner in which he turned his followers' fury was justly and vehemently applauded. The other characters, with the exception of *Van der Bosch*, were little more than shadows. But the rough citizen and soldier was very ably sustained by Mr. RYDER, who read the character with most commendable correctness. Miss E. MONTAGUE, as *Adriana*, was too declamatory; she is falling into a sad mannerism, which, if not resisted at once, will destroy her. She must vary her tones more, and throw more expression into her manner. Miss E. CUSHMAN, as the sister of *Van Arteveldt*, made the best of a part that offered little opportunity for talent. But what she did, she did with a dramatic skill that proves her to be an artist and not merely an actress. The management had spared no cost in the dresses and scenery. Even as a spectacle the play is interesting; the picturesque grouping of the White Hoods, the battle-fields with the armour in the last act, and the views of Ghent, are all of very great merit. Of the drama as such, apart from MACREADY and the scenery, much cannot be said. It would not sustain itself by its own attractions as a play; but being so put upon the stage, it offers the greatest theatrical treat that has been enjoyed since the memorable reign of MACREADY at Covent Garden.

ADELPHI.—At this theatre, after the usual long run enjoyed by some three or four pieces almost for the season, a new one has been introduced, and with the success that always attends the enterprises upon these boards. It is the last production of poor PEAKE, and entitled *Gabrieli*. The story is brief; it is that of an Irish gentleman who has fallen in love with the *Prima Donna* at the Opera at Naples, and, oddly enough, bequeaths her his heart; after which he is killed in a duel. To ensure the fulfilment of this strange bequest, he inflicts upon refusal the penalty of loss of his fortune, whereby his family are brought into great distress, from which they are rescued by the humanity of the young lady. It is well played, by all the strength of the company, and will probably have a run.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—JULLIEN's assurance in his Programme of the *Bal Masqué*, which took place at this theatre on the 22d, "that the splendour and completeness of its appointments would at least be equal to the other entertainments of a like kind" presented by him to the public, he fully supported. The interior of the theatre was elegantly decorated with festoons of flowers, which not only entwined the columns and covered the boxes, but also were festooned among numerous little cupids which were suspended from the ceiling. A variety of elegant chandeliers lighted it up; and what added much to the effect were baskets of flowers, interspersed with coloured lights, also suspended from the ceiling. The orchestra, which was removed to the back of the stage, was raised so as to admit of dancing underneath it, and contained upwards of one hundred musicians. By twelve o'clock the ball-room, boxes, indeed all parts of the house, were crowded, and presented a very animated appearance. Many of the dresses were in good taste, but we observed a great increase of plain clothes, and hats—surely the latter ought not to be admitted. The mass of black hats took off much from the gaiety of the scene. Dancing was kept up, with only an intermission of half an hour for supper, till a late hour the ensuing morning. M. JULLIEN's efforts to give *éclat* to the ball by the elegance of the decorations were, we understand, well seconded by the spirited lessee, Mr. GYR, jun. We have certainly never seen an affair of this kind better conducted.

COLOSSEUM.—If we were asked to point out the greatest marvel of cheapness of the age, we should say it is here. Six magnificent sights for two shillings!—sights, too, with sense,—something for

the mind to dwell on;—not like the evanescent doll-toys that satisfy the listless gazer merely, but something that will recur again and again to the memory; like a fond remembrance that clings in spite of will, and clings the tighter that we bid it go. Many are the scribes who have attempted to tell its beauties—the noodles: we give it up; it is not to be done;—our boyhood's dream over the Arabian Nights falls short of its reality. Those who have not been should go at once; those who have, do not require to be told to go again,—fresh charms are discernible at each visit. The Conservatory, full of charming winter flowers, is worth all the money. An important and judicious alteration has been made: the View of London by Night is now permanently fixed, and exhibited together with the superb Museum of Sculpture in the daytime brilliantly illuminated the other exhibitions remaining as usual, together with some capital instrumental music. It will, doubtless, become the head-quarters of Fashion in the winter afternoons.

NECROLOGY.

PROFESSOR DIEFFENBACH.—The German papers of the 11th announce the death of the celebrated J. F. Dieffenbach, the greatest surgeon of Germany. He was struck by apoplexy in the act of alighting from his cabriolet. Dieffenbach was born in 1795, at Königsberg. He served in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. Amongst his numerous valuable works are mentioned the continuation of Professor Scheel's work on the transfusion of the blood and the injection medicaments into the veins.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

It is with very great pleasure that we announce to our readers who have so interested themselves in the progress of this great national work, that the consent of the Commissioners of Sewers, as required by the Act of Parliament, has been formally given to the proposed works of the Company, which will be commenced forthwith, with every prospect of their being so far completed in the course of next summer as to permit of the application of the sewage to the immediate neighbourhood of the station at Stanley Bridge, and thus to yield an early return upon the capital. It is calculated that calls of less than half of the shares already taken will be sufficient to complete this portion of the works, and give the great experiment a trial.

We have also the extreme gratification to announce that the Earl of ELLESMERE, having witnessed the advantages of the applications of Sewage water to portions of his own estates, has been so satisfied with them that he has within the last fortnight joined the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company, by becoming a shareholder. Such an example of confidence in the scheme, from one so well qualified to judge, is of incalculable importance, for it will doubtless induce the many who are wavering to follow it at once, and take a direct interest in this grand enterprise before all the shares are gone. When such men as Lord ELLESMERE (perhaps better known as Lord FRANCIS EGERTON) come forward to take shares, it may be supposed that the subscription list will not be long in completion.

We understand that four or five of the provincial towns are about to apply to Parliament this Session for Acts having similar objects with this Company. We shall feel much pleasure in also recording their proceedings, receiving their communications, and forwarding their views. THE CRITIC, having become, as it were, the organ of this new and promising direction of national enterprise, is desirous of advancing the object by collecting and circulating all the information relating to it.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Sitting of Oct. 18.

M. Isidore Geoffrey St. Hilaire made a communication to the Academy respecting experiments for domesticating some of the animals at the Jardin des Plantes. He has succeeded in obtaining broods of the goose called Egyptian, but which, we believe, is of Nubian origin, although acclimated in Egypt; and there is reason to believe that this bird, which is of beautiful plumage, may be in time propagated to such an extent as to furnish a valuable addition to our alimentary substances. M. St. Hilaire also informs us that several colts have been obtained from hemione, or dziggetai, which partakes of the horse and the ass, and which in Hindostan is a very useful animal for agricultural labour. The hemiones at the Jardin des Plantes, although allowed to run in the open air during the day, have been placed in heated stables at night; but there is every reason to suppose that the progeny will support this climate.

M. Becquerel communicated the results of some experiments relative to the action of salt in vegetation. He has found saline solutions rather injurious than useful; but he is not yet sufficiently advanced with his experiments to warrant him in saying that this is also the case with salt used in the granulated state.

M. Payen read a paper on the disease with which the tomato or love-apple has been affected this year. He considers it to be similar to that of the potato.

A letter was received from M. Vico, announcing the discovery at Rome, on the 3rd, of a new comet invisible to the naked eye. Its right ascension was diminishing with rapidity.

A letter from M. Schumacher announces the discovery at Hamburg, on the 11th, of a telescopic comet, near the constellation of Hercules, by Madame Rumker, the wife of the director of the Hamburg Observatory. Communications were received from different places giving accounts of the observations of the recent eclipse of the sun; but they do not possess particular interest.

A paper was received from M. Claudet containing an account of various photogenic experiments. They shew clearly that the solar spectrum is endowed with three different photogenic actions, which correspond with three groups susceptible of being attributed to the three groups of red, yellow, and blue rays. These three actions have distinct characters; each of the radiations has the effect of fixing the vapours of mercury in daguerreotype plates, but are in other respects so different that they cannot mingle or assist each other; on the contrary, they destroy each other. The effect commenced by the blue rays is destroyed by the yellow and red rays, and that which is produced by the red rays is destroyed by the yellow. The effect of the yellow rays is destroyed by the red, and that of the two last is destroyed by the blue rays. These changes appear to indicate that the chemical compound which covers the plate remains always the same under the various influences, and that there is no separation or isolation of the constituent principles. By a proper application of this theory it will be possible to efface any image upon a plate, and yet leave it in such a state as to receive a new impression.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—A process has been patented by which artificial stone of every quality may be produced, from artificial granite to statuary marble. This invention is, from its cheapness, a great advantage for all the purposes of architectural decoration, and from its plastic nature before it becomes hard, of great service to sculptors in taking casts of statuettes, busts, &c. and even of figures of the size of life. The cost is, in all cases where carving is required in stone in which this composition is substituted, less by nine-tenths. The invention is founded on the chemical analysis of the natural varieties of stone, and the manufacture is capable of such modifications as are requisite to produce all the varieties. The artificial stone produced is less absorbent than natural stone, and is superior in compactness of texture, and will resist frost, damp, and the chemical acids. It is made of flints and siliceous grit, sand, &c. rendered fluid by heat, and poured into moulds as required till cool and hardened. Its strength and solidity enable it to resist more blows than real stone. The specimens of the invention, which are to be seen at the office of the works, No. 6, John-street, Bedford-row, are exceedingly curious; they consist of many varieties, some being plain pieces of coping stone, stones for variegated pavements for halls and rooms, stone ornaments, such as mouldings for friezes, finials, and some more elaborate, having flowers and devices apparently cut with the chisel. There are also some grindstones, and hones used by agricultural labourers

for sharpening scythes and tools. The invention is also applicable to the lining of cisterns and water-pipes, its vitreous qualities insuring cleanliness. Its extreme cheapness is also a matter of consideration to those who require ornamental additions to houses.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

A NOVEL society, termed the "Æsthetic Brotherhood," has been projected at Hull. There is much mystery about its objects, and in the enunciation of them. But we may point to one good resolve; i. e. to "avoid that which cripples all the intellectual societies of the day—the prohibition of what exceeds the mere diffusion of knowledge. Every brother should be estimated by his power of thought, in rendering serviceable to the present wants of society his store of information. We hope to allude to this project again.—The late Mr. Carlile, Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, has left a curious will, complaining of the world's ill usage, and leaving the small amount of his effects to a faithful female servant.—Mr. Minas, a learned Greek, while on a scientific tour in the East, has, it is stated, discovered a work of Plato—a treatise on the human race—which has hitherto escaped the researches of ancient and modern savans.—Literary efforts are becoming abundant. Publishers are active again. New life is flown into Paternoster-row, and the Strand teems with joy that the Session and winter have commenced. This is the time of book-publishing; and already do the journals swarm with announcements. There is some speculation, too. A new daily paper, of the *Daily News* class as to size and price, and a new monthly periodical, are about to canvass for support. We cannot say much for the promise of either. The *London Telegraph* will, it seems, be published at mid-day, and thus be enabled to appropriate the efforts of its morning contemporaries. This would make it but a stale reprint, and without what is the attraction of an evening paper—the general and commercial news of the day. Of the nature of the intended magazine, we know little. It is to be published by Bradbury and Evans, and to be "by the most eminent writers, and illustrated with etchings on steel, and drawings on wood, by John Leech." We hope it will not be another of the *Punch* school abortions, of which Whitefriars has produced so many unfortunate specimens.—If prolificness be any proof of greatness, surely William Howitt is more than we have given him credit for. He is about to publish *The Hall and the Hamlet*—a tale, we presume. Considering the ill reception of his *Homes and Haunts*, we wonder at his boldness in thus soon again daring public opinion. We do not wish to see him a second James, for he really has merit. But it seems to us that Mr. Howitt is driving a literary trade, instead of enhancing a literary reputation—a common sin, by the bye, one of which Shakespeare and Scott, and many others, have been guilty.—The German papers report the death of M. Dieffenbach, the most celebrated of the surgeons of Germany, and a contributor of eminence to the medical literature of the country.—The King of the Belgians has created a mark of distinction for such artisans and workmen as have given proofs of superior skill and judgment in their respective arts and trades, and been at the same time of irreproachable conduct. It consists of a silver medal, to be suspended on the left breast by a small chain of the same metal, bearing the name of the person on whom it is conferred, with the date of the year. This silver medal is to be only the first decoration—another of gold may be obtained on a second competition. There are to be 800 of these silver medals and 200 of gold—and the jury on the Exhibition of the Progress of the Useful Arts for 1847 is to designate the candidates.—On Monday the sale of the library of the late Louis Bonaparte, containing the best works of the most celebrated French, Spanish, Italian, and other authors, was commenced by Messrs Sotheby. The attendance was numerous. The following were among the highest biddings, viz.:—*Classici Italiani* (Collegiani Dei), Stampata Galla Societa Tipogra-

phiana Di Milano, in all 250 vols. 36*l.*; *Classici Latini*, sive *Collecta Cuncutorum Classicorum Latinorum*, &c. in all 141 vols. 18*l.* 5*s.*; Baillet (Adr.) *Les Vies des Saintes*, avec *Histoire des Festes Mobiles*, dans l'Elise, la *Topographia et Chronologia des Saintes*, 17 vols. Paris, 1704-7, 3*l.* 11*s.*; Beranger (P. J. de) *Ceuvres*, complete—portrait, engravings, &c. 2*l.* 3*s.*—A few weeks since, a person residing at Clearwell, Gloucestershire, discovered a pipkin near that place containing about 3,000 copper Roman coins, the major part of which were in tolerable preservation.—Among the latest lists of patents is to be found one of a very curious nature, and thus described:—"An invention for making paper for the building of houses, bridges, ships, boats, and all sorts of wheel-carriages, sedan-chairs, tables, and bookcases, either entirely of paper, or wood and iron covered with paper."—Achromatic glass has recently been used in the manufacture of chimneys for gas-burners, and with such success that a patent has been taken out for it by Mr. M'Neill, the gentleman with whom the idea originated.—Sir Robert Schomburgk having just completed his valuable *History of Barbados*, is preparing for the press an account of his eight years' rambles in the forests of Guiana, and towards the sources of the Orinoco, and has also been engaged by the Hachluyt Club to edit Sir Walter Raleigh's *Voyage to Guiana*. From what we have already seen of Sir Robert's writings, we are sure these works will not fail to add to the reputation of this distinguished traveller.

Mr. Emerson's third Lecture was delivered to the members of the Manchester Athenæum on Tuesday evening. He was loudly applauded on entering the lecture theatre by a very large and respectable audience—probably a thousand people of both sexes. In introducing his subject, the lecturer said he called these discourses "Lectures on representative men," meaning to describe in each, one large and inevitable class. Every fact in the universe is related on the one side to sense, and on the other to moral being. The whole game of thought is, on the appearance of one of these two sides to find the other. These sides are called, in the language of the philosopher, infinite and finite, relative and absolute, apparent and real. Each man is born with a predisposition to one or other of these sides of nature. One class has the perception of difference; is conversant with facts, cities and persons; with particular works, &c. They are the men of talent and action. Another class abide by the perception of identity, and are men of faith and philosophy—of genius. Each class doubts or despises the other. The abstractionist and materialist thus mutually exasperate each other; and the scoffer, expressing the worst of materialism—there arises a third party, who occupies the middle ground between these two—the sceptic, who holds both wrong, as being in extremes; while he deems that human strength is not in extremes, but in avoiding them. He neither affirms nor denies, but stands balanced, to try the cause; he was their *skeptici*, to consider. Who shall forbid a wise scepticism, seeing that there is no practical question on which anything more than a proximate solution is to be had? This, then, is the right ground of the sceptic—of considering, of self-containing—not at all of unbelief, universal denying or universal doubting; least of all, of scoffing and profligate jeering at all that is stable and good. The wise sceptic wishes to see and judge all things, but mainly man; and the ticket necessary for his admission to this spectacle is, that he have a certain solid and intelligible way of living of his own; for the secrets of life are not shewn except by sympathy and likeness—men confide only in their peers. These qualities meet in a singular manner in the character of Michael de Montaigne. [After describing his own first acquaintance with the works of this writer, and giving the opinions of others respecting them, he briefly sketched the chief incidents in the life of Montaigne, and the prominent features of his character.] Montaigne has anticipated all flings and hits at French freedom; his book is a string of confessions. It was only to be pleaded for his free style that, in his time, books were written to one sex only, and almost all in Latin. He pretends to most of the vices, and if there were any virtue in him, he says it got in by stealth; yet the opinion of his invincible probity grows in every reader's mind. His essays are an entertaining soliloquy; Montaigne talking with himself on every random topic—allowing nothing to pass for settled—trying every thing with-

out ceremony, yet with the most masculine sense. There have been men with deeper insight, but never a man with such abundance of thoughts. He is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all he cares for. Montaigne talks with shrewdness and knowledge of the world, of books, and of himself; he uses the positive degree—never shrieks or protests; has no weakness, no convulsions, no superlatives. Has Montaigne succeeded in expressing the hitherto inexpressible, in giving voice to the best and inmost of man? He was not a sceptic in that bad sense in which the world has loosely used the term. We are all naturally believers; truth, or the connection of cause and effect, alone interests us. We reject a sour, lumpish unbelief; but the class which Montaigne represents are not without their reason and value, and every man, at some time, belongs to that class; every superior mind will pass through this domain of equilibration, of inquiry and consideration, on his way to the heights of truth. The cause of things is not a fact, but a power; and the religion or philosophy by which we attempt to describe it is some fixed word or form, and is therefore inadequate to describe it. Our life in this world is not quite of so easy interpretation as preachers and school-books are accustomed to describe it. Shall we, then, because a good nature inclines us to virtue's side, smoothly say there are no doubts, and lie for the right? We ask whether life is to be led in a brave or a cowardly manner, and whether the satisfaction of our doubts be not essential to all manliness; whether the name of virtue is to be a barrier to that which is virtue? In such scepticism there is no malignity; it is honest, and does not hinder the man's being convinced, and, once convinced, he is worthy the pains, and will be a giant in defence of his faith. The true and final answer, in which all scepticism is lost, in the moral sentiment, that never forfeits its supremacy. The faith of the generous mind avails to the whole emergency of life; he can behold with serenity the yawning gulf between the ambition of man and his power of performance—between the demand and supply of power which makes the tragedy of souls. The lesson of life is practically to generalise; to hold all particulars lightly in view of the whole; to believe what the years and centuries say against the hours; to penetrate to the catholic sense, which is really expressed (though occultly), by every particular. While all these things seem to tend downwards, to justify despondency, to promote rogues, to defeat the just, still by knaves as by martyrs the just cause is carried forward. Although history teaches us that knaves win in every political struggle; although society seems delivered over from the hands of one set of criminals into the hands of another set, as fast as governments are changed, and the march of civilisation is an endless train of felonies—yet general ends are somehow answered. Heaven seems to effect great results by low and small means. The needles are nothing; the magnetism is all. Through toys and atoms a great beneficent tendency irresistibly streams. Let man learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting; let him learn to bear the disappearance of things he was wont to reverence without losing his reverence; let him learn that he is here in the world a pupil, not to learn, but to be worked upon; and though abyss open under abyss, and opinion displaces opinion, all are at last contained in the Eternal Cause. If my bark sink, it is to another sea.

Mr. Emerson's lecture on Napoleon, the man of action, was delivered on Tuesday last, at the Manchester Athenæum, to a crowded auditory. The man (said Mr. Emerson) who more than any other expresses the average character and aims of the nineteenth century is Napoleon Bonaparte—the best known and most powerful individual who has lived within the period. If Napoleon is France, is Europe, it is because the people he sways are men of the same kind—are little Napoleons. He is an incarnate democrat; the representative of the democratic, active, middle class of men, having its virtues and vices, and, above all, its spirit and aim. That tendency is material, aiming at a material or sensual success, and employing the richest and most varied means to that end; conversant with vast mechanical powers, highly intellectual, widely and accurately learned, and skilful by sternly subordinating all intellectual and spiritual forces as means to a material success. To be the rich man is the end. Napoleon is no saint, and he is no hero, in the high sense. He becomes not merely the representative, but actually a monopoliser and usurper, of other minds. He renounced all sentiments and affections, and would help himself with his hands and head; working in brass, iron, buildings, money, and troops, and being a wise master-workman. He superadded to these natural and animal

forces, insight and generalisation. He does not guess, but feel and foresee his way. The art of war was the perpetual game he studied, and in which he exerted his wonderful arithmetic. The times, his own constitution, and the circumstances of his youth and education, combined to develop this democrat to the highest degree. Such a man was wanted, and was born. He had a directness of action never before combined with so much comprehensiveness. He is ever a realist, terrific to all talkers and truth-obscurers. He never blundered into victory; his principal means were in himself. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line; but Napoleon always knew his business, and what to do next. Had his ends been public, and not egotistic, he had been the first man in the world. He is firm, sure, self-dissuading, self-postponing, sacrificing everything—money, troops, generals, even his own safety—to his aim. His victories were only so many doors, or new weapons, and he never lost sight of his way onward. He fought sixty battles, and never had enough. His prodigious vigour was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. His achievement of business was immense, and enlarged the known powers of man. There have been many working kings—Alfred, Justinian, Czar Peter—but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance. He was not to be imposed upon. He had a strength by nature, and a strength by circumstances; still his grand weapon—the millions he directed—he owed to his representative character. He discerned merit, and promoted it; seventeen men in his time were raised from common soldiers to be kings, marshals, dukes, or generals. We cannot, in the universal imbecility, indecision, and indolence of men, sufficiently congratulate ourselves on this strong and ready actor, who took occasion by the beard, and shewed how much might be accomplished by the mere force of such virtues as all men possess in less degree, by punctuality, personal attention, courage, and thoroughness. Before ambition drove him mad, he might almost be cited as a model of prudence. The lesson he teaches is that which vigour ever teaches, that there is always room for it. To what heaps of cowardly doubts is not his life an answer! Mr. Emerson next noticed Napoleon's capacity for speculation on general topics, quite removed from his ordinary themes of war and government. He was highly intellectual, and delighted in discussions on practical, literary, and abstract questions. The most grateful parts of the picture of his life are those hours of thought and wisdom. But with the virtues, he had also the vices of the democratic class he represented. He was singularly destitute of generous sentiments; he had not the merit of common truth and honesty; he was unjust to all his generals; egotistic and monopolising; meanly stealing the credit of others' great actions; he was a boundless liar; in his premature old age, he coolly falsified the facts, dates, and characters of history, studying to impose upon men a theatrical *ecclat*. His doctrine of immortality is simply fame; with him, the two levers for moving men were interest and fear; love was a silly infatuation, friendship but a name. He would steal and slander, assassinate, drown, and poison, as his interest dictated; he had no generosity to an enemy, but mere vulgar hatred; he was intensely selfish and perfidious; cheated at cards, was a prodigious gossip, opened letters, delighted in his infamous police, interfering in the patterns and dresses of women, and listening incognito after the harrahs and compliments of the street. He treated women without respect, and with coarse familiarity and even insult. In short, when we penetrate to this man's centre, we find we are not dealing with a gentleman, but with an impostor and a rogue; a fellow deserving the epithet of Jupiter Scapin—a sort of scamp Jupiter. Bonaparte may be said to represent the whole history of both the democratic and the conservative party, its youth and age, and with poetic justice, its fate in his own. The counter revolution, the counter party, still waits for its organ and representative, in a lover and a man of truly public and universal aims. This instructive history has its practical moral. Napoleon was an experiment, under the most favourable conditions, of intellect, unsupported (if you will, untrammelled) by conscience. Never was such a leader so endowed and so weaponed; never leader found such aids and followers. And what was the result of this vast talent and power; of these immense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, immolated millions of men, this demoralised Europe? It came to no result. All passed away like the smoke of his artillery, and left no trace. He left France smaller, poorer, and feebler than he found it, and the whole contest for freedom was to be begun again. The attempt itself was, in

principle, suicidal. France served him with life, limb, and estate, so long as it could identify its might with him; but when men saw that after victory was another war—after the destruction of armies, new conscription—saw that they who had toiled so desperately were no nearer to the reward, they deserted him. They soon found that his absorbing egotism was deadly to all other men; and the universal cry of France and Europe, in 1814, was "Enough of Bonaparte." It was not his fault; he did all that in him lay to live and thrive without moral principle; it was the nature of things—the eternal laws of man and of the world—which balked and ruined him. And the result of a million experiments will be the same. Every experiment by multitudes or by individuals, that has a sensual and selfish aim, will fail. The pacific Fourier will be as insufficient as the pernicious Napoleon. As long as our civilisation is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusions; our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter; and our wine will burn our mouth. Only that good profits, which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men. (Loud and continued applause.)

TO READERS.

THE price of THE CRITIC was reduced from fourpence to twopence avowedly as an experiment—to see whether it was not possible to obtain for wholesome reading the same patronage as is given to the cheap periodicals of a low class, if it could be procured by readers at the same price. But, although the circulation was thereby very largely extended, it has not attained the twenty thousand weekly issue necessary for the existence of a large sheet sold at so small a price. It is plain that the publications in question are patronised, not so much on account of their cheapness, as on account of the low character of their contents. THE CRITIC, therefore, having given the experiment a fair trial, must now exercise the right it then reserved, and, commencing with the next number, make its price threepence, which still will be twenty-five per cent. below either of its contemporaries. To this no reader, looking to quantity and quality, can object.

At the same time it may be as well to state the design we entertain for future improvement, should THE CRITIC continue to grow in favour so fast as it has done during the last six months. If the Decorative Art Union prove as successful as it promises to be, we propose to devote to it, and to the subject of Decorative Art generally, a considerable space, and to introduce woodcuts of designs, &c.; to add an article on the topic of the week; to give two or three subjects of general interest, for which at present we want room, and, for these purposes, to enlarge THE CRITIC to twenty-four pages, at fourpence, and, by an increased corps of contributors, to multiply its attractions. But this is a matter which must depend upon the amount of support received. We only name it now to shew our present friends that we aim at progress, and purpose to turn whatever patronage may be extended to THE CRITIC to the best account for the benefit of its readers.

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WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WEEK.

TALL TREES.—There are trees so tall in Missouri that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them,—one looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

A STRANGE INSURANCE.—A well-known actor on the Edinburgh stage entered into an engagement with Jenny Lind, securing her singing powers for the gratification of the lieges in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth; the terms were 400l. per night. When the gifted Swede was performing in England she was taken ill, and as before that event considerable preparatory expense had been incurred in Scotland, the speculator became rather alarmed, and accordingly insured the life of Jenny Lind for six weeks, for 1,000l. The only effect of this step was to reduce the gross profits of her visit by a 20l. note.

ANECDOTE OF PIUS IX.—We find the following anecdote in some of the Paris journals:—"Cardinal Lambruschini wrote to several religious communities engaging them to offer up prayers that the Pope might be removed from his state of blindness. One of these letters was sent to Pius IX. who caused the cardinal to be invited to come and see him. The cardinal having replied that he was ill, and could only go the next day, the Pope sent a message that he would wait on the cardinal. On this the cardinal hastened to the Quirinal, and on being introduced to the Pope, the Holy Father placed in his hands the letter which he had addressed to the communities. When the cardinal had read it, the Pope said, 'You now understand that I could not go to bed without pardoning you.'"

CAPTAIN BUNSBY ON PROBABILITIES.—"If so be," returned Bunsbey, with unusual promptitude, "as he's dead, my opinion is he won't come back no more. If so be as he's alive, my opinion is he will. Do I say he will? No. Why not? Because the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it."—*Dombey and Son.*

MARRIAGE.—One-half of the World are desolately single, and the other, supposing them married, questionably contented. Diffidence, or a sense of right, determine the former, and miscalculated hopes embitter the latter. The solitary one may shield himself under the plea of caution and worldly prudence, and the indissoluble regret uncompromising hurry; but the truth lies deeper. Physical incapacity, and broken health, are the great hindrances to domestic happiness and social content. The dowry should not be the only settlement. Honour and justice demand that health should form an item in the compact; it alone dignifies the alliance. Blighted hopes or neglect would more sorely than poverty or misfortune. Reader, if these surmises concern you, procure Dr. CULVERWELL'S little MEMOIRS "On Single and Married Life," published in 2 vols. 1s. each (by post, in stamps, 1s. 6d. each). Let no imaginatively refined or prudish feeling deter you, by their titles, nor be hindered by misinterpretation of their supposed contents from obtaining them. They are not intended, certainly, for mere idle curiosity, but for the closet-perusal of those more deeply interested, to whom they are offered as antagonistic to the empirical trash put forth on the above subjects, by unqualified authors, which, alone or together, are a disgrace to the age. Furthermore, two other little publications claim your attention (same price, 1s. each, by post, 1s. 6d.) called "What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid," and "How to be Happy." They are not merely pamphlets, but equal in quantity to a library volume; nor are they the mere ephemeral scribbles of the hour, but the study of the author's life, who owes his present existence, health, and position to the observance of the maxims he would inculcate—to do unto others as he would be done unto—to live after Nature's laws—and to keep always on the "sunny side of the way." The above works may be had of Sherwood, 23, Paternoster-row; Carvalho, 147, Fleet-street; Mann, 39, Cornhill; Nalson, 457, West Strand; or direct (by post or otherwise) from the author (who may be conferred with personally, mornings and evenings), 10, Argyl-place, Regent-street, and all booksellers.

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REVIEWS OF THE WEEK.

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DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

The Editor of *THE CRITIC*, Journal of Literature and Art, proposes to found a Decorative Art-Union, similar in its plan and purposes to the Pictorial Art-Union, but limiting itself to the promotion of Decorative Art.

The following is a prospectus of the projected Society, subject to any modifications which may be deemed desirable previous to applying for the Charter of Incorporation :—

PROSPECTUS.

The **Decorative Art-Union** to consist of an indefinite number of members to be incorporated by Royal Charter, under the provisions of the Act of Parliament relating to Art-Unions.

The Annual Subscription to be **Half-a-Guinea**.

The Affairs of the Society to be conducted by a Council elected by the Members.

The Funds of the Society to be applied as follows :—

The Council to determine on a certain number of objects of Decorative Art, and to offer liberal prizes to Artists for the best designs.

The Council will then contract with manufacturers for the production of the works according to the designs to which the prizes have been awarded. The Society will preserve the copyright of the designs, and when the number required by them for distribution as prizes are produced, the model is to be destroyed; the object of this arrangement being to assure the prizeholders of the Society that their prizes shall never fall in value by becoming common.

It will be an express condition that all designs and all works executed for and distributed by the Society shall be original.

The works of Decorative Art thus manufactured for the Society will be opened to public exhibition in London, with the names of the Artist and Manufacturer affixed to each.

After which they will be distributed among the Members of the Society by public drawing, precisely as is now done with the Art-Union.

ADDRESS.

Such is an outline of the plan proposed to the public for approval and adoption. Its uses are obvious. It will give a vast stimulus to Decorative Art and thus confer an immense benefit on the manufactures and commerce of the country. It will encourage by suitable rewards the best artists to design and the ablest workmen to execute. It will encourage among the public a taste for art in decoration, which will have a constant tendency to advancement. A successful prizeholder will not be content with the one exquisite work of Decorative Art he obtains from the Society; it will become a standard of taste to which he will be anxious to adapt the rest of his furniture.

It is believed also, that the objects of such a Society are likely to be universally attractive. Every person can appreciate and will desire to possess such works as the Society proposes to distribute, and which will combine utility with ornament. If the Art-Union, limited to painting and engraving, can boast of 14,000 subscribers, it is anticipated that the DECORATIVE ART-UNION, still more attractive and more practically useful, will obtain equal if not greater support.

It may be observed, also, that the DECORATIVE ART-UNION will be enabled to distribute very many more prizes than its contemporary, for its works of Art will not be so costly. It is proposed that the cost of the highest shall not exceed 100*l.* and of many, such, for instance, as those of Plastic Art, some three or four hundred copies may be made for little more than the cost of one, and then the mould may be destroyed, so that there may be few, if any, of the subscribers who will not obtain a work of Art which, though it cost but a small sum to the Society, will, in consequence of the limited number produced, have a higher intrinsic value than the whole of the subscription.

By the recent statute relating to Art-Unions it is enacted, that associations for the purchase of works of Art, to be distributed by chance to their Subscribers, shall obtain a Royal Charter of Incorporation.

It will therefore be necessary, before the proposed DECORATIVE ART-UNION can apply for a Charter, that it should have enrolled a sufficient number of subscribers to justify the application.

To obtain these is the object of the circulation of this preliminary Prospectus.

To afford to the public a guarantee that this application is *bonâ fide*, and as the best assurance of responsibility, the Editor of *THE CRITIC*, by whom the Society is planned and proposed, will give to its advancement the aid of the columns of that Journal, and the gratuitous assistance of its large establishment, until a sufficient number of Subscribers are promised to permit a formal organisation of the Society. For the present, therefore, all communications upon the subject are to be addressed to the Editor of *THE CRITIC*, at the Office, 344, Strand, London, where information will be given, and names of intended subscribers registered.

It is hoped that all who, on perusing this Prospectus, approve the design and are willing to support it, will forward their names and addresses as above, and the columns of *THE CRITIC* will, from week to week, gratuitously convey to them intelligence of the progress of the Society. It should be added that payment of the subscription will not be required until a sufficient list of subscribers is secured to justify the application to the Queen for the Charter of Incorporation; but as there will be some expenses, any portion of it that may be forwarded will be placed to the account of the subscriber as part payment.

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"To Sir J. Murray."

"Tutthill's Hotel, Dawson-st. Dublin, Feb. 19, 1839."

"Sir,—Having arrived from Glasgow, per the steamship *Jupiter*, in this stormy season, without the slightest sea-sickness, we feel bound to attribute this exemption to the most agreeable effervescent draughts of your solution of Magnesia and Acidulated Syrup, which were kindly furnished to us by that attentive Officer, Captain Ellis."

"Upon all former occasions we were martyrs to sea-sickness, and we think it a great blessing that travellers may now enjoy such health and comfort at sea, as we derived from the use of this delightful drink. "THE DISTIN FAMILY."

From DR. KENNEDY, Master of the Lying-in-Hospital, Dublin.

"DEAR SIR,—I consider the Fluid Magnesia to be a very valuable and convenient remedy in cases of irritation or acidity of the stomach, but more particularly during pregnancy, febrile complaints, infantile diseases, or sea-sickness."

In addition to the above, Professor Duncan, of Edinburgh, in his extensive practice, established its efficacy for removing acidities, allaying irritation of the stomach or urinary organs, and for dissolving lithic concretions and uric salts, and consequently as the best remedy for Gravel and Gout.

CAUTION.—In order to avoid the danger of concretions and sediments, which result from the use of over saturated and unchemical compounds made by non-medical persons, the public will please to observe, that Sir James Murray's Pure Fluid Magnesia is prepared of that proportion of strength which is conformable to the laws of chemical equivalents, and which has been proved in hospital and private practice, during the last thirty years, to be the best adapted for the human stomach, and the most suitable for the treatment of females and children.

Sold by the sole consignee, Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, of North-street, Wolverhampton, and all wholesale and retail Druggists and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 11s. and 21s. each. The Acidulated Syrup, in bottles 2s. each.

N.B.—Be sure to ask for "Sir James Murray's Preparation," and to see that his name is stamped on each label in green ink, as follows:—"James Murray, Physician to the Lord Lieutenant."

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And SOLD at the Office, No. 344, Strand, nearly opposite Wellington-street.
Price 2d.; Stamped, 3d.

